

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 175.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1831.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEWS

Crotchet Castle. By the Author of "Head-long Hall. London, 1831. Hookham.

THIS little volume is everything it ought to be—light, playful, sarcastic, and amusing. It makes no great pretence, that we can see, to a story; the thread upon which so many good things are strung is so slight, that in the hands of a less skilful artist, it must certainly have been broken; yet the good things themselves occupy so much of our attention, that so far from cavilling at the weakness of the string, we never think of it at all. The object of the book is to move our laughter at empirics, quacks, and pretenders of every description. In order to do this, the Transcendental Philosophers, the Optimists, the Political Economists, the March-of-mind Men, and the All-for-the-Bests of the present day, are introduced under fictitious names, and support their respective characters a little in masquerade indeed, but in a most natural, and therefore ridiculous manner. A large party is assembled at Crotchet Castle, the villa of a certain Mr. Crotchet, who being the offspring of a Scotchman and a Jewess, inherits the good qualities of both sides of his house, and adds to his other family virtues, a patronage of literary and scientific lions on his retirement from trade. The principal interlocutors in this party are so amusingly described by the heroine of the volume, Lady Clarinda, to her lover, Captain Fitzchrome, that we shall content ourselves with quoting her graphic description, and then let the party speak in a scene or two for themselves.

"Next to him is Miss Crotchet my sister-in-law that is to be. You see she is rather pretty, and very genteel. She is tolerably accomplished, has her table always covered with new novels, thinks Mr. Mac Quedy an oracle, and is extremely desirous to be called 'my lady.' Next to her is Mr. Firedamp, a very absurd person, who thinks that water is the evil principle. Next to him is Mr. Eavesdrop, a man who, by dint of a certain something like smartness, has got into good society. He is a sort of bookseller's tool, and coins all his acquaintance in reminiscences and sketches of character. I am very shy of him, for fear he should print me.

"*Captain Fitzchrome.* If he print you in your own likeness, which is that of an angel, you need not fear him. If he print you in any other, I will cut his throat. But proceed—

"*Lady Clarinda.* Next to him is Mr. Henbane, the toxicologist, I think he calls himself. He has passed half his life in studying poisons and antidotes. The first thing he did on his arrival here, was to kill the cat; and while Miss Crotchet was crying over her, he brought her to life again. I am more shy of him than the other.

"*Captain Fitzchrome.* They are two very dangerous fellows, and I shall take care to keep them both at a respectful distance. Let us hope

that Eavesdrop will sketch off Henbane, and that Henbane will poison him for his trouble.

"*Lady Clarinda.* Well, next to him, sits Mr. Mac Quedy, the Modern Athenian, who lays down the law about everything, and therefore may be taken to understand everything. He turns all the affairs of this world into questions of buying and selling. He is the Spirit of the Frozen Ocean to everything like romance and sentiment. He condenses their volume of steam into a drop of cold water in a moment. He has satisfied me that I am a commodity in the market, and that I ought to set myself at a high price. So you see, he who would have me must bid for me.

"*Captain Fitzchrome.* I shall discuss that point with Mr. Mac Quedy.

"*Lady Clarinda.* Not a word for your life. Our flirtation is our own secret. Let it remain so.

"*Captain Fitzchrome.* Flirtation, Clarinda! Is that all that the most ardent—

"*Lady Clarinda.* Now, don't be rhapsodical here. Next to Mr. Mac Quedy is Mr. Skionar, a sort of poetical philosopher, a curious compound of the intense and the mystical. He abominates all the ideas of Mr. Mac Quedy, and settles everything by sentiment and intuition.

"*Captain Fitzchrome.* Then, I say, he is the wiser man.

"*Lady Clarinda.* They are two oddities, but a little of them is amusing, and I like to hear them dispute. So you see I am in training for a philosopher myself.

"*Captain Fitzchrome.* Any philosophy, for heaven's sake, but the pound-shilling-and-pence philosophy of Mr. Mac Quedy.

"*Lady Clarinda.* Why they say that even Mr. Skionar, though he is a great dreamer, always dreams with his eyes open, or with one eye at any rate, which is an eye to his gain: but I believe that in this respect the poor man has got an ill name by keeping bad company. He has two dear friends, Mr. Wilful Wontsee, and Mr. Rumblesack Shantsee, poets of some note, who used to see visions of Utopia, and pure republics beyond the Western deep: but, finding that these El Dorados brought them no revenue, they turned their vision-seeing faculty into the more profitable channel of espying all sorts of virtues in the high and the mighty, who were able and willing to pay for the discovery.

"*Captain Fitzchrome.* I do not fancy these virtue-spyers.

"*Lady Clarinda.* Next to Mr. Skionar, sits Mr. Chainmail, a good-looking young gentleman, as you see, with very antiquated tastes. He is fond of old poetry, and is something of a poet himself. He is deep in monkish literature, and holds that the best state of society was that of the twelfth century, when nothing was going forward but fighting, feasting, and praying, which he says are the three great purposes for which man was made. He laments bitterly over the inventions of gunpowder, steam, and gas, which he says have ruined the world. He lives within two or three miles, and has a large hall, adorned with rusty pikes, shields, helmets, swords, and tattered banners, and furnished with yew-tree chairs, and two long old worm-eaten oak tables, where he dines with all his household, after the

fashion of his favourite age. He wants us all to dine with him, and I believe we shall go.

"*Captain Fitzchrome.* That will be something new at any rate.

"*Lady Clarinda.* Next to him is Mr. Toogood, the co-operationist, who will have neither fighting nor praying; but wants to parcel out the world into squares like a chess-board, with a community on each, raising everything for one another, with a great steam-engine to serve them in common for tailor and hosier, kitchen and cook." p. 80—6.

Lady Clarinda is an admirable character, and more natural than any young lady we have met with, in books or elsewhere, for some time; her ideas on the subject of "love in a cottage," place her at once at the summit of our favour, and ought to be glazed and hung up in the parlour of every boarding-school in the kingdom. But her ladyship is too observant a judge, and withal a little too malicious, to let pass an opportunity of giving a well-merited hit at some good friends of ours, who for the present shall be nameless.

"*Lady Clarinda.* Well, I will tell you a secret; I am writing a novel.

"*Captain Fitzchrome.* A novel!

"*Lady Clarinda.* Yes, a novel. And I shall get a little finery by it: trinkets and fal-lals, which I cannot get from papa. You must know I had been reading several fashionable novels, the fashionable this and the fashionable that; and I thought to myself, why I can do better than any of these myself. So I wrote a chapter or two, and sent them as a specimen to Mr. Puffall, the bookseller, telling him they were to be a part of a fashionable something or other, and he offered me, I will not say how much, to finish it in three volumes, and let him pay all the newspapers for recommending it as the work of a lady of quality, who had made very free with the characters of her acquaintance.

"*Captain Fitzchrome.* Surely you have not done so?

"*Lady Clarinda.* Oh, no! I leave that to Mr. Eavesdrop. But Mr. Puffall made it a condition that I should let him say so.

"*Captain Fitzchrome.* A strange recommendation.

"*Lady Clarinda.* Oh, nothing else will do. And it seems you may give yourself any character you like, and the newspapers will print it as if it came from themselves. I have commended you to three of our friends here, as an economist, a transcendentalist, and a classical scholar; and if you wish to be renowned through the world for these, or any other accomplishments, the newspapers will confirm you in their possession for half-a-guinea a piece.

"*Captain Fitzchrome.* Truly, the praise of such gentry must be a feather in any one's cap.

"*Lady Clarinda.* So you will see, some morning, that my novel is, 'the most popular production of the day.' This is Mr. Puffall's favourite phrase. He makes the newspapers say it of everything he publishes. But 'the day,' you know, is a very convenient phrase: it allows of three hundred and sixty-five 'most popular

productions' in a year. And in leap-year one more."

Our favourite throughout the book, is the Rev. Dr. Folliott. He never appears upon the scene without putting us into the highest good-humour. Like many other reverend gentlemen, he overturns the theories of transcendentalists and economists with equal ease, and to his own entire satisfaction; but we laugh at and excuse all his faults, on account of the agreeable manner in which they are committed. But we have already been so prodigal of quotation, that, with a renewal of our strongest praise, we must conclude our extracts with the following scrap of a conversation:—

"Mr. Crotchet had assembled about him, for his own Christmas festivities, nearly the same party which was introduced to the reader in the spring. Three of that party were wanting. Dr. Morbide, by inoculating himself once too often with non-contagious matter, had explained himself out of the world. Mr. Henbane had also departed, on the wings of an infallible antidote. Mr. Eavesdrop, having printed in a magazine some of the after-dinner conversations of the castle, had had sentence of exclusion passed upon him, on the motion of the Reverend Doctor Folliott, as a flagitious violator of the confidences of private life.

"Miss Crotchet had become Lady Bosnowl, but Lady Clarinda had not yet changed her name to Crotchet. She had, on one pretence and another, procrastinated the happy event, and the gentleman had not been very pressing; she had, however, accompanied her brother and sister-in-law, to pass Christmas at Crotchet Castle. With these, Mr. Mac Quedy, Mr. Philpot, Mr. Trillo, Mr. Skionar, Mr. Toogood, and Mr. Firedamp, were sitting at breakfast, when the Reverend Dr. Folliott entered and took his seat at the table.

"The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Well, Mr. Mac Quedy, it is now some weeks since we have met: how goes on the march of mind?"

"Mr. Mac Quedy. Nay, Sir; I think you may see that with your own eyes."

"Dr. Folliott. Sir, I have seen it, much to my discomfiture. It has marched into my rick-yard, and set my stacks on fire, with chemical materials, most scientifically compounded. It has marched up to the door of my vicarage a hundred and fifty strong; ordered me to surrender half my tithes; consumed all the provisions I had provided for my audit feast, and drunk up my old October. It has marched in through my back-parlour shutters, and out again with my silver spoons, in the dead of the night. The policeman who has been down to examine, says my house has been broken open on the most scientific principles. All this comes of education."

"Mr. Mac Quedy. I rather think it comes of poverty."

"Dr. Folliott. No, Sir. Robbery perhaps comes of poverty, but scientific principles of robbery come of education. I suppose the learned friend has written a sixpenny treatise on mechanics, and the rascals who robbed me have been reading it."

"Mr. Crotchet. Your house would have been very safe, Doctor, if they had had no better science than the learned friend's to work with."

"Dr. Folliott. Well, Sir, that may be. Excellent potted char. The Lord deliver me from the learned friend."

"Mr. Crotchet. Well, Doctor, for your comfort, here is a declaration of the learned friend's that he will never take office."

"Dr. Folliott. Then, Sir, he will be in office next week. Peace be with him. Sugar and cream." p. 261—5.

A Year in Spain. By a Young American.

[Second Notice.]

This is an extremely well-written and animated record of the observations made by an unprejudiced man on that country, which, as the celebrated General Foy used to say, is the true land of contrasts and riddles, where you find the blindest and most bigoted faith in juxtaposition with ill-concealed Deism, and the greatest knowledge elbowed by the grossest ignorance. It is a common complaint, that we know little of Spain; and the Spaniards themselves very often laugh at our writers for their consequent errors; but it is not easy to acquire a knowledge of a nation, in which, though all the provinces have been blended into one political body for centuries, they individually retain their original customs, manners, character, dress, physiognomy, and often language and laws—it is not easy to collect the sincere opinions of a people, where there is no public press, and where, for three centuries, it has been the first rule of common prudence not to publish, but to conceal their thoughts,—a rule, by the bye, even more necessary now, with the modern police, than it was before under the Inquisition.

Of the truth of this, the work before us is a proof. The author is an acute observer, and has the power of describing forcibly and accurately; yet his observations are only skin deep—his knowledge is limited to things floating on the surface of society; and, after reading his very delightful volumes, we are nearly as ignorant as ever of those powerful and influential causes, those deep secret springs of action, that for twenty years have moved Spain in such opposite directions, and with such uncontrollable power.

This work must be considered in two distinct points of view: the one where the writer describes what he saw—and the other where he speaks from books. What he saw he describes graphically and well, and such scenes are highly amusing. Sometimes, indeed, he exaggerates a little, and often mentions as a national custom, what is peculiar to a province or a city. There is, unfortunately, nothing national in Spain but the *olla*,—and even that has different ingredients in different provinces, and is varied according to the wealth of the family, in the same province.

All that the writer says about Madrid is accurate and exact—the portraits of Ferdinand and his brother are true to life—his observations on the formerly warlike, rich, and now priestly and desolate Toledo, as well as on Barcelona, Valencia, Seville, and Cadiz, are highly interesting; his account of that extraordinary monument of Arabic architecture, the cathedral of Cordova, is excellent; and his extracts from Conde's work, about the Spanish Arabs, are selected with great judgment and discrimination.

The robber-scenes, with which his work abounds, are very vividly sketched, but will not, we suspect, tempt many of our travellers to visit the Peninsula; and the Spanish Newgate Calendar, if they dared publish so respectable a work, would not increase the liking. Though all criminals are not brought under the cognizance of the tribunals, it appears that, in 1826, twelve hundred and thirty-three persons were convicted of murder, and seventeen hundred and seventy-three of attempts to murder. When speaking on this subject,

the author is, we are inclined to believe, scrupulously exact; and he is equally deserving confidence where he refers to those horrible plague-spots of Spain, the *escribanos*.† Half the miseries of that ill-fated country may be traced to the baneful influence of lawyers, high or low; and we cordially agree with him, that, "upon the whole, it would perhaps be better for Spain, if she were without government, without law, and if each individual were left the guardian of his own rights and safety. He might lose a little protection, but would be sure to escape from a great deal of plunder." ii. 525.

Thus much of what may be considered the original part of the work—the result of personal inquiry and observation. When, however, the writer comes to his authorities, and trusts to books, his work is much less valuable. His principal reliance is on Antillon, Laborde, and Peyron. Antillon's work is truly excellent; and we are rather surprised that, with so good a guide, the author should have fallen into so many errors—for instance, mistaking the sources of nearly all the great rivers. Laborde was an authority when he wrote; but since then, every thing is so changed, that he is now but a blind guide, and, we fear, misled our young American into the often-repeated assertion, that the practice of bleeding is extremely common in Spain. Now, it was so forty years ago, when Cullen was the great authority; but since the beginning of this century, when Cullen gave way to our countryman Brown and the French theorists, bleeding is so rarely resorted to, that it seems as if the physicians intended to strike a lancet balance, and, by not bleeding at all, compensate for the mischief heretofore done by excessive bleeding. Indeed, upon this subject, the only occasion, when the writer makes any approach to accuracy, is in describing the election of the public physicians; and even here he trips and stumbles, if he means to say that families cannot exercise a discretion in the physician they employ. If they have the means of paying for the service, they may call in any one of, or all the college; and without those means, it is like Glendower calling spirits, not only in Spain, but in England and America.

The following passage on the Royalist volunteers will explain one of the many difficulties to be overcome before a revolution can be brought about in Spain, although, according to the Royalists themselves, the number of the volunteers is diminished to one-fourth of that stated by our author.

"The famous royalist volunteers amount to the number of three hundred thousand. They consist of the refuse of the population, principally in the towns and cities, and are moved entirely by the clergy, for the sake of religion or of money; their maintenance costing annually nearly twelve millions of dollars. The royalist volunteers are better armed, better clothed, and better disciplined than militia usually are. Their fidelity to the cause of the church—for, notwithstanding their denomination, they are her exclusive body-guard—is, I think, less doubtful than has been generally supposed. Not to take into consideration that spirit of fanaticism which moves a majority of them, they have as individuals rendered themselves obnoxious to justice by the commission of many crimes, impunity for which, as well as for others yet uncommitted, they can secure only by the maintenance of their devotion; as a body they have

† A kind of notary or lawyer.

outraged the whole liberal party, and stirred up the deadly hate of individual families, by innumerable assassinations, perpetrated, it is said, at the instigation of the clergy. Their only hope of profit, therefore, their only chance for security, is found in perpetuating the present condition of affairs." ii. p. 332.

Of the want of industry, so remarkable in some provinces, where indolence cannot be excused by the lassitude consequent upon heat of the climate, we must observe, that the most powerful motives to exertion are individual interests; and where indolence and ignorance are general, the fault is more in political institutions than in the people. The following (the writer is speaking of that most beautiful but uncultivated country Andalusia) might be applied to almost all the provinces of Spain, and especially to the Castiles, where industry was always fettered more than in any other province, for the strange but true reason, that they have been the favourite provinces of the kings. If any one doubts the blessing of free trade, or believes that industry cannot thrive, but while regulated by law—let him look to the history of Spain, and he will find that the intervention of government with the sole object of protection has invariably brought absolute ruin.

"Beside Ecija and Carmona, we met but a few villages between Cordova and Seville, and no solitary farms nor houses, other than the public ventas. Though the soil was everywhere fertile and capable of nourishing a numerous population, yet it was in general very imperfectly cultivated, and often abandoned to the caprice of nature. Nothing can be more painful than to behold this country, which rose to such a high degree of prosperity under the Romans and Arabs, now so fallen, so impoverished. The principal source of this depopulation may be found in the landed monopolies; nearly the whole country being owned by large proprietors, to whose ancestors it was granted at the time of the conquest. Hence the soil has to support, not only the labourer who cultivates it, but likewise the idle landlord, who lives at court, and spends his income in the capital. They who preach the preservation of families and estates, and deprecate the unlimited subdivision of property, should make a journey to Andalusia. Other causes are found in the odious privileges of the *mesta*, in the exorbitance of the taxes, and in the vexatious system in raising them; in the imperfect state of internal communications, and in the thousand restrictions which check circulation at every step. Not to mention the clergy, the convents, and the robbers, have we not already causes enough of ruin and desolation?" ii. p. 156—157.

Our author is certainly one of the ultra admirers of Spanish women; he always speaks of them with a pleasant dash of extravagance, and the beauties of Cadiz seem to have quite bewildered him. We, too, were not insensible to these charms at our author's age—we, too, have seen, and not so very long since,
The black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind,
Marked the black eye that mocks the coal-black veil,
Heard the light lively tones in lady's bowers,
Seen the long locks that foil the painter's power,
The fairy form, with more than female grace;—
but, with all our admiration, we did not find them so "angelically kind" as either my Lord Byron or our American friend:—but all things have changed in Spain; and it is more than probable that the poverty produced by so many proscriptions, and the demoralizing consequences of the celibacy of an insincere priesthood, may have had their

corrupting influence on women, when we see and know how basely man himself is there degraded.

The Book of the Seasons, or, the Calendar of Nature. By William Howitt. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

Annals of my Village, a Calendar of Nature. London, 1831. Hatchard.

Our only difficulty in reference to these books is, to write a review, and not an article of our own. They have given us a strong personal desire to "babble about green fields," for they have called up visions of primroses, quivering leaves, shining waters, rose-embowered cottages, all that is associated with the youth and manhood of the year; with poetry, with music, and with affection. Smoke-dried as we are in a brick-built Babel, we have feeling proof of the truth of Cowper's remark—

That man immured in cities, still retains
His inborn, inextinguishable thirst
For rural scenes,—compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts as best he may.

Now, amongst the best of these "supplemental shifts," we reckon books like those that head this notice—provided they are well done; not a mere catalogue of names of birds, plants, and flowers; and not again such fine florid descriptions of the same things, that the mind acquires no discriminate knowledge. There was a book published a few years since called 'The Mirror of the Months,' a mirror in which nature could not possibly know her own face when she saw it; there was no want of poetic feeling in the volume, but it was so inlaid with affectation, and so spangled with conceits, that plain Mr. Mawe's Gardening Calendar was greatly to be preferred. Since then, one or two delightful volumes have appeared, a reprint of 'White's Selborne,' and the 'Naturalist's Journal'; but still there was room for a work, "which, as a calendar of nature, should be comprehensive and complete in itself—which, on being taken up by the lover of nature at the opening of each month, should lay before him in prospect all the objects and appearances which the month would present in the garden, the fields, and the waters; yet confining itself to these objects. Such a work (says Mr. Howitt) I have endeavoured to supply."

'The Annals of my Village' is also a calendar of nature, "presented to the public (says the author) with a sincere desire to interest the dwellers among rural scenes, in the birds, the flowers, and other natural objects that surround them, and in the changes of the seasons."

The 'Annals' are by a lady; her village is in the west of England; and whilst, in point of arrangement and condensation of matter, beauty of style and variety of remark, her book must yield to Mr. Howitt's,—the praise of much close and delicate observation, considerable knowledge, and invariable right feeling, is unquestionably her due. The following is an interesting passage:—

"Maritime winds and currents transport an infinite variety of seeds to situations the most remote from their native soils. The gulf stream frequently deposits West Indian seeds on the northern parts of Scotland; and in Lapland, those of the Alpine districts are carried by mountain torrents to the distance of forty miles, and left in situations favourable to their growth.

"Were it possible to embrace, in one comprehensive glance, the progress of these vege-

table voyagers, what a cheering display of wisdom, contrivance, and design, would burst on the astonished eye! How delightful it would be to watch the seeds of Western India journeying towards the coast of Norway, without a pilot, chart, or compass; those of Asia, impelled by the winds and waves, till they arrive on the shores of Italy; the saragossa of Jamaica carried towards the coast of Florida, and from thence into the northern Atlantic ocean, where it lies thick on the surface; the American cassia landing on the shores of Norway; the double cocos of the Molucca islands joyfully welcomed by the expecting inhabitants on the coast of Malabar, who long believed that these annual presents of the ocean were the produce of a palm tree growing in its fathomless recesses, and that they arose from among coral groves endowed with supernatural qualities! Nor would it be less interesting to observe how admirably the seeds of each individual plant are adapted to such extensive voyages, those of the great gourd being contained in capsules resembling bottles; those of the royal pimento on the shores of Louisiana, encrusted with a coat of wax; double cocoa nuts lashed together like the canoes of the South Sea; the kernels of the maritime pine enclosed in a kind of little bony shoes, notched on the under side, and covered on the upper, with a piece resembling a ship's hatch; the motions of these are literally those of speed and silence, they pass over the surface of the billows, and journey on by day and night amidst the raging of the ocean, where no human foot would dare to follow. Wherever the traveller is able to contemplate the primordial disposition of nature, the shores are universally covered with trees and shrubs bearing fruit, adapted for floating on the water."

To come now to Mr. Howitt's 'Book of the Seasons.' Without one *if* or *but*—of its kind, and in its way, it is perfectly delightful; a book that cannot fail to raise the author's reputation as a literary man, and what he will doubtless value more, as a worthy member of the great human family, who has cast his share into the treasury that is filling for the benefit of the whole. By the way, this figure is less inapplicable than may seem at first; in the Jewish temple, the treasury was over the gate called BEAUTIFUL, and Mr. Howitt's aim is to breathe into the hearts of the commercial and the city-pent, ideas of "the glory that excelleth" the glory of nature—the glory under which there is *not* "kindled a burning." The book is English too: lately we have thought that both William and Mary Howitt were rather leaving the native simplicity, and in that the strength, of their genius, by a too evident leaning to foreign literature, a too decided bias towards the mystical and the marvellous; and we should indeed regret if either were to *Germanize* or *Italianize* away their individuality. What is said to be wanting in our forests, is also wanting in our literature—"hearts of oak." William Howitt is particularly calculated to take this department, and as to his sweet wife Mary, she must not become exotic—she must neither be an Austrian rose, nor an Italian myrtle, but an English wilding—

As sweet a flower as ever grew
Beside a cottage door.

To go through Mr. Howitt's treatment of the months is impossible: he gives an original article on the general appearances of nature in each, drawn from his own regular observations; superadds a variety of facts from various sources; and closes all with a complete table of the migrations of birds, a copious list of garden plants that flower in the month, and a botanical calendar. He writes

in a religious and poetical spirit, without any ambitious finery of style or sentiment. But it is time he spoke for himself. Having had enough of Winter, we shall select from the months of Hope. His description of March winds is spirited; of the April blossoms not too flowery: but we shall take a few passages from his calendar of the birds' nests peculiar to the same month:—

"Perhaps the most delightful of all the features of this month are the return of the migratory birds, and the commencement of building their nests. Not only the swallow tribe, the cuckoo, and the nightingale, whose arrival is noticed by almost everybody, but scores of other old acquaintances suddenly salute you in your walks, with their well-remembered aspects and notes. White-throats, whinchats, reed-sparrows, &c. perched on their old haunts, and following their diversified habits, seem as little fatigued, or strange, as if they had worn invisible jackets all winter, and had never left the spot. There is something truly delightful to the naturalist in the beauty of birds' nests, and the endless varieties of colours, spots, and hieroglyphic scrolls, on their eggs; the picturesque places in which they are fixed, from the lapwing's on the naked fallow, to that of the eagle in its lofty and inaccessible eyrie; in the different degrees of art displayed, from the rude raft of a few sticks, made by the wood-pigeon, to the exquisite little dome of the golden-crested wren, or the long-tailed titmouse, (*parus caudatus*), a perfect cone stuck between the branches of a tree, having a small hole on one side for entrance; the interior lined with the most downy feathers, enriched with sixteen or seventeen eggs, like small oval pearls; and the exterior most tastefully decorated with a profusion of spangles of silvery lichen on dark-green moss.

"Boys are completely absorbed by their admiration of birds' nests. In vain do parents scold about torn clothes, scratched hands, shoes spoiled with dew; every field and wood is traversed, every bush explored; no tree is too high, no rock too dangerous to climb; sticks split at the end, are thrust into every hollow in wall, eaves, or tree-trunk, to twist out the hidden nest; and I myself recollect being held by the heels over an old coal-pit sixty yards deep to reach a blackbird's nest built in a hole two or three feet below the surface of the ground.

"But it is not boys merely who are struck with the beauty of birds' nests and eggs, and with the picturesque situations in which they are placed; there are few people of taste residing in the country who do not see them with a lively pleasure. Let us take a survey of these interesting objects. Let us suppose that we are in an old farm-house. The chimney is inhabited by the swallow, and the eaves by the marten, who have there fixed their mud nests, lined them with feathers, and laid in them their five or six white eggs spotted with red. The sparrows have found a crevice in the eaves, or the roof, or, if it be of thatch, have scooped themselves a large hole, and therein made their nests of hay, lined them with feathers, and laid each pair five black-spotted eggs. The spotted fly-catcher has found a square hole in the wall, or a branch of a tree trained against it, where its nest and red-spotted eggs are deposited. If it be a half-timbered house, it is ten to one but the red-start has found a hole too, in one of the upright timbers, in which its nest and sea-green eggs are deposited; or the little tom-tit has occupied that post. This active little bird, which we see in the shrubbery swinging about at the ends of slender boughs in pursuit of caterpillars, &c., will sometimes become so tenacious of its dwelling that I have known one build within the window-frame of a sitting-room, which, when any of the family knicked on the wood close to its nest, would immediately reply by se-

veral smart raps with its bill. This answer was never omitted during the period of incubation by the bird which built there for several successive years. This, and most other birds which build about the habitations of men, very commonly depart from that regularity of instinct which prompts them to employ only material of a certain kind in their nests, and gather up pieces of cotton, shreds of cloth, and even needles and thread, which have been found worked up into these curious motley fabrics. * * *

"If we step into the field, we find in the grass at our feet the nests of various species of lark, with their dark brown speckled eggs; the whinchat's with its eggs of sea-green, and the partridge's with perhaps fifteen eggs of a deep cream colour. So closely does the partridge sit during incubation, that the mower often unawares cuts off its head with his scythe. In the banks, now luxuriant with green herbs, the yellow-hammer builds a nest of grass, and lines it with fine fibrous roots and horse-hair; and lays five eggs of a palish purple, ornamented with deep purple flourishes of a hieroglyphic-like appearance. The robin, too, builds in the bank, and his nest may be immediately known by the brown withered leaves collected at its door, so to speak, as if he always bore them in his escutcheon, in memory of his meritorious behaviour to 'the Babes in the Wood.' The fame of that good deed is his perpetual defence. None but the most hardened and graceless lads will rob a wren or a robin, for, says their legend,

Robinetts and Jenny Wrens
Are God Almighty's Cocks and Hens;

and it is likewise a tradition amongst them, that if you rob either of these the cows will give bloody milk. * * * The magpie's nest may be seen in early spring in the tops of the leafless trees, a large cone of thorns, which is daubed internally with mud and lined with fine fibrous roots. It sometimes also builds in tall hawthorn hedges. Wherever it be, wild or tame, it is the monkey of birds, full of mischief and mimicry. A gentleman told me, that one he kept having stolen various articles was watched by him narrowly, and at length was seen by him busy in the garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air dropping them into a hole about eighteen inches deep, made to receive a line-post. After dropping each stone, it cried 'carack!' triumphantly, and set off for another. Making himself sure that he had found the objects of his search, the gentleman went to the place, and found in the hole a poor toad which the magpie was stoning for his amusement."

But we must get on to May. Mr. Howitt's is a flattering likeness;—the month as it ought to be, not exactly what it is—a kind of epitaph-character; one that "has been, and may be again," but not to be reckoned upon—one that does its work by the day oftener than the week—by the week oftener than the month. May next May be like it. What our poetical naturalist says about trees, is passing true. We have twice visited the Lakes in May, and the varied, tender, budding foliage of the trees, gave a character of pathetic infantine beauty to the scenery, that the full blush of summer never equalled, that we doubt whether imperial autumn could surpass:—

"In the early part of this month, if we walk into woods, we shall be much struck with their peculiar beauty. Woods are never more agreeable objects than when they have only half-assumed their green array. Beautiful and refreshing is the sight of the young leaves bursting forth from the grey boughs, some trees at one degree of advance, some at another. The assemblage of the giants of the wood is seen, each in its own character and figure; neither dis-

guised nor hidden in the dense mass of foliage which obscures them in summer;—you behold the scattered and majestic trunks; the branches stretching high and wide; the dark drapery of ivy which envelopes some of them, and the crimson flush that glows in the world of living twigs above. If the contrast of grey and mossy branches, and of the delicate richness of young leaves gushing out of them in a thousand places be inexpressibly delightful to behold, that of one tree with another is not the less so. One is nearly full clothed—another is mottled with grey and green, struggling as it were which should have the predominance, and another is still perfectly naked. The wild cherry stands like an apparition in the woods, white with its profusion of blossom, and the wilding begins to exhibit its rich and blushing countenance. The pines look dim and dusky amid the lively hues of spring. The abeles are covered with their clusters of albescent and powdery leaves and withering catkins; and beneath them the pale spathes of the arum, fully expanded, and displaying their crimson clubs, presenting a sylvan and unique appearance."

No May, of course, without a nightingale:

"Of all May delights, listening to the nightingale is the greatest, and when heard at still midnight, the moon and stars above you filling with lustre the clear blue sky; the trees lifting up their young and varied foliage to the silvery light; the deer quietly resting in their thickest shadows, and the night-breeze, ever and anon, wafting through the air 'Sabeau odours,' then if you feel neither love nor poetry, depend upon it, you are neither lover nor poet. As, however, in this country, nightingales are as capricious as the climate, a good singing gentleman is no bad substitute, as a friend of ours convinced us on such an occasion, making the woods echo with the 'Pibroch of Donnel Dhu.'

Nightingales are very capricious: they abound in the neighbourhood of Warwick Castle, and cannot be lured to Guy's Cliff—not above two miles off;—in the public gardens at Leamington, they condescend to perform during their season, and sing loudest, we have been told, when there is most noise of feet and voices; but our own acquaintance with this bird is small—we never heard it but once; but it was such a once!—at noon, not night, in a scene that wore

The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy;

and instead of "a good singing gentleman," our companion was Coleridge, who talked about nightingales—the "conversing birds," as he termed them—in such a strain of learned, yet most sweet music, that—but, if we go on describing what Coleridge said about the nightingale and flowers, we shall never bring this notice to an end. Very sweetly does Mr. Howitt discourse concerning these last visitants of spring:—

"Of all the minor creations of God, flowers seem to be most completely the effusions of his love of beauty, grace, and joy. Of all the natural objects which surround us, they are the least connected with our absolute necessities. Vegetation might proceed, the earth might be clothed with a sober green; all the processes of fructification might be perfected without being attended by the glory with which the flower is crowned; but beauty and fragrance are poured abroad over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, radiant evidences of the boundless benevolence of the Deity. They are made solely to gladden the heart of man, for a light to his eyes, for a living inspiration of grace to his spirit; for a perpetual admiration. And accordingly, they seize on our affections the first moment that we behold them. With what eagerness do

very infants grasp at flowers! As they become older they would live for ever amongst them. They bound about in the flowery meadows like young fawns—they gather all they come near—they collect heaps—they sit among them, and sort them, and sing over them, and caress them, till they perish in their grasp. We see them coming wearily into the towns and villages with their pinafores full, and with posies half as large as themselves. We trace them in shady lanes, in the grass of far-off fields, by the treasures they have gathered and have left behind, lured on by others still brighter. As they grow up to maturity, they assume, in their eyes, new characters and beauties. Then they are strewn around them, the poetry of the earth. * * *

"The ancient Greeks, whose souls pre-eminently sympathized with the spirit of grace and beauty in everything, were enthusiastic in their love, and lavish in their use of flowers. They scattered them in the porticoes of their temples—they were offered on the altars of some of their deities—they were strewn in the conqueror's path—on all occasions of festivity and rejoicing they were strewn about, or worn in garlands. The guests at banquets were crowned with them—the bowl was wreathed with them—and wherever they wished to throw beauty, and to express gladness, like sunshine, they cast flowers.

"Something of the same spirit seems to have prevailed amongst the Hebrews. 'Let us fill ourselves,' says Solomon, 'with costly wine and ointments; and let no flower of the spring pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be withered.' But amongst that solemn and poetical people they were commonly regarded in another and higher sense—they were the favourite symbols of the beauty and the fragility of life. Man is compared to the flower of the field, and it is added, 'the grass withereth, the flower fadeth.' * * *

"In our confined notions, we are often led to wonder why beauty, and flowers, and fruit, should be scattered so exuberantly where there are none to enjoy them. But the thoughts of the Almighty are not as our thoughts. * * * To Omnipotence creation costs not an effort, but to the desolate and the weary, how immense is the happiness thus prepared in the wilderness! Who does not recollect the exultation of Vaillant over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa? A magnificent lily, which, growing on the banks of a river, filled the air far around with its delicious fragrance, and, as he observes, had been respected by all the animals of the district, and seemed defended even by its beauty. The affecting mention of the influence of a flower upon his mind in a time of suffering and despondency, in the heart of the same savage continent, by Mungo Park, is familiar to every one."

We cannot leave off with a passage better calculated to give a good impression of the book.

A Selection from the Papers of the Earls of Marchmont, in the Possession of the Right Honourable Sir G. H. Rose.

[Second Notice.]

In resuming this subject, our first duty will be, that of introducing the trio who have furnished these papers, to our readers' acquaintance.

The first Lord Marchmont was Sir Patrick Hume, a knight of an ancient and noble Scottish family, who, born in 1641, entered public life just at that disastrous period, when the "happy restoration" returned a worthless profligate—uninstructed by the "sweet uses of adversity"—to sit on the throne of Britain, and to repay the spontaneous enthusiasm that welcomed his return, by unremitting efforts to overthrow the liber-

ties both of Scotland and England. And among the foremost of those who, in the former country, "fought the good fight" of liberty and religion, Sir Patrick Hume is to be numbered. After suffering much persecution from the men in power, he retired to Holland, where he remained until news arrived of the death of Charles. He then joined with Argyle in his ill-fated expedition, of which, in the third volume, a very interesting narrative, written by himself, is given. From Scotland he happily escaped to Holland—and his estates being forfeited to the Earl of Seaford, he remained there, in reduced circumstances, until the revolution. From this period "his history is to be found in the history of his country." He was made member of the privy council and a peer of Scotland—first by the title of Viscount Polwarth, and subsequently by that of Earl of Marchmont. He seems to have been a most excellent man. Jacobite malice endeavoured to cast upon his character the stain of having received a large bribe as his share of the spoils, which the Scotch believed to have been distributed among the commissioners, for their zealous exertions to complete the union. This charge has been triumphantly refuted, and the character of the first Earl of Marchmont remains without a stain.

The second Earl was Alexander, who succeeded his father in 1724. He also distinguished himself while Viscount Polwarth, in promoting that important measure, the union. He was sent on several embassies, and seems to have been high in favour at court, until 1733, when the Walpole party prevailed, and the Whigs all quitted office. "His exclusion from office was instantly avenged" by his twin sons. "By a singular coincidence, the same general election which deprived him of his seat in the upper house, gave him two powerful voices in the lower, in those sons, Hugh Lord Polwarth and Alexander Hume Campbell." This second Earl of Marchmont died in 1740, and was succeeded by Hugh, the third and last.

"He was distinguished for learning, for brilliancy of genius, and for parliamentary experience. The estimation in which he was held by his cotemporaries early in life, may be judged of by his close and intimate friendship with Lord Cobham and Sir William Wyndham, the former of whom gave his bust a place in the Temple of Worthies at Stow; and by the mention of him in Mr. Pope's well-known inscription in his grotto at Twickenham." i. xlvi.

This last Earl of Marchmont continued in parliament until 1784, when he was not re-elected as one of the sixteen Scottish peers. He resided in England, and died in 1794, in his eighty-sixth year.

The first of these volumes is occupied by his diary, which embraces that period when party disputes ran so high between the administration and the friends of the Prince of Wales. Although diaries are mostly prosing, and generally ill written, yet their use to the philosophical historian is incalculable. Private letters, although far more interesting and amusing, can scarcely be depended on: the writer, notwithstanding his professions of sincerity, may have some concealed aim; and the danger of the letter falling into wrong hands, will always make the statesman write with caution. But the mere journal of facts, and rumours, and *on dits*, kept by the man engaged in the strife and turmoil of party

politics—complimented by one public character, coaxed by another, and mystified by a third—carries truth on the very face of it. The writer may be mistaken in his estimate of those with whom he has conversed, but he cannot be mistaken as to what they actually said; he can have no intention to deceive, for it is a journal merely for his own use; and he can have no motive for suppression, since it is for the express purpose of retaining facts, which otherwise might have escaped his memory, that the diary is written. Many curious pieces of information meet us in such journals. The following is amusing:—

"Lord Chesterfield told [me] that on the death of Lord Sunderland Lord Carteret had applied to the late King to support him, as he was then surrounded by his enemies; that the King promised it him, but told [him] the necessity of the time forced him to temporize; that hereupon Lord Carteret spoke to the Duchess of Kendal, who bid him have patience, and told him the King hated his other ministers. The Court being in this situation, both Lord Townshend and Lord Carteret went to Hanover with the King; and there Lord Carteret wanting to have some things decided in a way he thought most for his interest, and finding difficulties, he imagined these proceeded from the Duchess of Kendal, whereupon he entered into an intrigue to raise the Countess of Platen, who was the mistress of the King's heart, against the Duchess, who was only the King's friend, and had the ascendant over his mind, but governed him by hard words, and blaming him, so that she held him by his timidity and indolence. Madame de Platen's great ambition was to marry her daughter to a duke and Peer of France. This Lord Carteret conducted by means of Sir Luke Schaub, who was then at Paris. Sir Luke, being in love with Madame de la Vrillière, to make his court to her, proposed that her son, Monsieur de St. Florentin, should marry Mademoiselle de Platen, and be made a Duke. This Sir Luke proposed to the Regent, who told him he could not do it, because it would disoblige many great families, who had far better pretensions to dukedoms. Sir Luke upon this writ to Lord Carteret, that the Regent could only be brought to grant a dukedom if the King himself wrote him a letter desiring it, for then the King's letter would be a sufficient excuse for him to the other pretenders. Upon this the King writ such a letter in his own hand, to be delivered by Sir Luke, who alone was to be in the secret; but Lord Townshend getting notice of the intrigue, immediately discovered it to the Duchess of Kendal, who went to the King, and made such a bustle, that he absolutely denied it: whereupon, by the advice of Lord Townshend, she made the King order Lord Townshend to write to Mr. Walpole, who was minister at Paris, to inform the Regent, that the King was very indifferent whether St. Florentin was made a Duke or not. Mr. Walpole having done so, when Sir Luke came next to press the Regent, he told him he could do nothing in it, since one minister desired it in the King's name, and the other assured [him], that his master did not desire it. This intrigue the Duchess of Kendal never forgave to Lord Carteret." i. 3—5.

Lord Bolingbroke frequently appears, and appears, too, in rather singular company—for the friend and supporter of Harley, and the half-disguised Jacobites of Queen Anne's reign, here figures as the associate and counsellor of the Whigs. Surely, the hoary intriguer for place and power must have stood abashed in the presence of the young apostle of freedom. The following minute of a conversation with George II. is characteristic:

"I went into the closet to the King after the ministers were gone out. I told him, I did not come to trouble him about a proposal wherein I had a share. He said 'I liked it, but the difficulties, it would have met with in the House of Commons, made it impracticable.' I said, we were too happy to have his approbation; it was our duty to submit to what was thought for his service. Then I told him my share in it, and what I had done before. He said, 'You know what a distress it would have been, and what an effect abroad it would have had, had it been rejected in the House, or carried by a small number; you know how the last was carried, so many voting against it.' I told him, I did not mention it, but to show that we were ready to serve him in any shape. . . . I told him, that I desired to inform him of the state of Scotland; that all the South was zealous for him. He said, they were all Presbyterians, who had always been for his family; that Dumfries, Glasgow, and others were good towns, but that he could not say so much for Edinburgh. I told him, he had even there at least four out of five. He said, there were a great many Jacobites there. I said, that in the South there were not a hundred Papists, and that the people were zealous for him, and all those that had property. He said, he believed so, except Lord Kilmarnock. I said, he was a man of desperate fortune, whose estate would go to his creditors, when his person was under forfeiture. . . . I said, there was not a man of 'em could carry out a hundred men against him in the South. He said, the southern parts liked the union, and found benefit by it. I said, his Majesty knew that it had been made to bring the crown into his family. He said, 'Yes, but they had felt benefit by it too.' I said, no doubt they had; that I could assure his Majesty he had twenty thousand good men ready to arm for him in the South; and that all we desired, was to have him for our King. . . . He said, 'You have factions amongst yourselves; there are the Highlands against the Lowlands, and others; but one must do the best one can.' I said, there were no factions against him; all we desired, was to have him cast an eye upon us, and to have access to him. He said, he had never refused anybody. I said, I was far from meaning so, and that I had taken the liberty to trouble him, only to represent the state of Scotland to him. He said, he looked on the two countries as one united, and would equally regard them both; that Scotland had always been well affected; but indeed the last elections had not gone as he desired; but, he hoped, it would not be so more. I said, that the elections had never gone against him; that indeed if any subject would act without regard to his interest, and pretend to set himself up, it would create difficulties; but that all we desired to know was, his Majesty's own opinion. He said, he never would let any subject set himself between him and his people. I said, that was all we desired." i. 161-4.

We have been thus large in our quotations from the diary, because each extract will be found either to correct the mistakes, or to throw additional light on the statements, of the various historians of the period. We will now again turn to the Letters, and, first, we must present the following short one, from the clever Lady Murray :-

Lady Murray to Alexander Earl of Marchmont.
Oxford, Feb. 3rd, 1738.

"My dearest Uncle,—I think as I did, that all your consultations will come to nothing, but Sir Robert outwit you every one. If your head yields, and gets to Bath to be out of the way, what is to be expected from others? You have a sad pack to deal with, which you are in no way cut out for. I only wish you may always consider them in that light, and have some thought for yourself, without trusting too much

to others; I doubt not they will be ready to ask your advice, and take all the assistance you can give them, and there leave you. I know you will answer me, 'What then? it is my country only I think of; but can you support it alone?'—or grant there be two or three more, which, I I am afraid, is saying too much, it is only running your head against a hard wall. I heartily wish you may not find it turn out so, and you only be made the cat's foot. Is it not very impertinent to imagine you do not see all this, if it is to be seen? but I know one's own good intentions often blind them, that they see not deceit in others, when they feel it not in themselves." ii. 96-7.

The following is a very characteristic letter from that singular, but gifted woman, the Duchess of Marlborough :—

To Alexander Earl of Marchmont.

June 15, 1734.

"My Lord,—I received the honour of two letters, which came together upon Thursday last. I am extremely glad that you are not disappointed in choosing your sons. It is plain to everybody that by the ministers' proceeding in Scotland, that they have broke through all the laws of the Union, which was once thought so valuable a thing, and so necessary to secure the quiet of England; and they have been as arbitrary and unjust in England, where they had power to do it. I remember what pains the Duke of Marlborough and the late Lord Godolphin took to procure the union between England and Scotland: and if the dead could know what the living are doing, they would be surprised to hear that so many great men of service have been so barbarously used, and that my Lord Balcarras, only a major in the Guards, should be one of the sixteen Peers, and your lordship left out; and my Lord Stair, who was a very successful ambassador for the family that now reigns, not to mention his long service in the army, without which successful battles the House of Hanover could never have come into England. This, I think, is as sad a picture as can be made of our present governors. I have not seen Mr. Pulteney since he received the accounts from your Lordship, and my Lord Stair, of the shameful proceedings in Scotland; but I have read the protests in the printed papers, which are mighty good; and I hope, when they are represented in Parliament, they will produce something to the advantage, as well as reputation of those Lords that have acted so well; for surely there cannot always be a majority to support such a scandalous proceeding; and it amazes me, that people should so soon forget that King James lost his crown, who was a good manager for the public, without breaking any law, but what proceeded from his weakness of having a mind that everybody should attend him in heaven by establishing popery here.

"There can be nothing in my letters that is of any consequence or use to you; and as I know my Lord Stair and you often meet, to avoid making either of my letters too long, I have divided what I had to say, for I know you will read them to each other. I dare say your friends will give the best advice they can, both for their own sakes and yours. I am sure they have better heads, as well as hearts, than the wretched men that have brought our country into such a condition. I am sorry I am so insignificant; but I am sure, nobody living wishes more than I do that villains may be punished, and good men rewarded; and I hope you will do me the justice to believe, that I am, with the greatest value and respect imaginable,

"Your Lordship's most faithful, and

"Most obliged humble servant,
ii. 30-2. "S. MARLBOROUGH."

What a strange masculine creature this fierce female politician must have seemed to the great ladies of that day, with their love of netting and point lace, and their passion for curious china and my Lord Fanny's nonsense verses! We must insert the following letter of Pope—with what singularly conflicting feelings of admiration and spite does he regard her :—

Mr. Pope to Hugh Earl of Marchmont.

"So it is, and so it always is with me, that I write last to those I love most; and now by this rule you are the man I love the very best; the truth is, I have nothing to tell them, but what they (I flatter myself) know beyond all others, my real sensibility towards them, and my knowledge of their amiable qualities. One must necessarily tell them the same things, if one continues the same affection and esteem; therefore I turn from that honest tautology to some foreign subject; and what more foreign from you than a worthless man of quality, whose death has filled me with philosophy, and contempt of riches? Three hundred thousand pounds the sum total of his life! without one worthy deed, public or private! He had just sense enough to see the bad measures we were engaged in, without the heart to feel for his country, or spirit to oppose what he condemned, as long as a title, or a ribbon, or a little lucrative employment could be got by his tame submission and concurrence. He loved nobody, for (they say) he has not left a legacy, not even to his flatterers; he had no ambition, with a vast deal of pride, and no dignity, with great stateliness. His titles only must be his epitaph: and there can be nothing on his monument remarkable, except his nose, which, I hope, the statuary will do justice to.

"I should doubly congratulate our victory over the French, if the war would occasion you and me the recovery of our friend to England for ever. Pray how will that matter stand in his regard? I should be glad, either that your Lordship was but half master of Battersea, or I of Twickenham. I was upon the point of writing to him; but will there be a free passage for letters at present? He is a great man, but will never be worth three hundred thousand pounds; yet I would rather regain him, and live with him, three hundred thousand times. My Lord Chesterfield is here, and sends you his services; there is not one man at Bath, besides, whom I know. He has made me dine with him *en malade*, though my physician prescribes me garlick, which I choose to take in sauces rather than electuaries. . . .

"There are many hours I could be glad to talk to (or rather to hear) the Duchess of Marlborough. So many incidents happen, besides what Providence seems to have any regard to, in the lives and deaths of great men, that the world appears to me to be made for the instruction of the lesser only, and those great ones for our laughter; only I must except, that I hear very good things of the Earl of Bath, which justly entitle him to admiration. I could listen to her with the same veneration and belief in all her doctrines, as the disciples of Socrates gave to the words of their master, or he himself to his demon (for, I think, she too has a devil, whom in civility we will call a genius). I will judge of nothing, till I see her. Believe me, my dear Lord,

"Your ever obliged, ever affectionate servant,
"A. POPE."

Bath, Tuesday night.

"The man of quality" here mentioned, was Lord Wilmington, First Lord of the Treasury.

We insert the following note from Pope to Lord Marchmont, because it was, in all

probability, the last that ever he wrote, as he died on the 30th of the following month:

Easter Monday.

"My dear Lords,—When I see a finer day, or feel a livelier hour, I find my thoughts carried to you, with whom, and for whom, chiefly I desire to live. I am a little revived to-day, and hope to be more so by the end of the week, since, I think, that was the time you gave me hopes you would pass a day or two here. Mr. Murray, by that time, or sooner if he can, will meet you. I hope Lord Bolingbroke has settled that with him in town.

"Mr. Warburton is very desirous to wait on you both. If he comes to Battersea in a morning, pray furnish him with my chaise to come on hither, and let the chaise be left here, of whose earthly part I shall make use in my garden, though not of its aquatic. My faithful services wait on Lady Marchmont." ii. 331.

We trust we shall be able to find room, in a future paper, for a few more of the interesting letters that are scattered through these volumes.

Summer and Winter Hours. By Henry Glassford Bell. London, 1831. Hurst, Chance & Co.

THERE is a brotherhood of mind, a relationship of spirit, that one continually finds existing between persons, otherwise unconnected—perhaps even personally unknown to each other. Such a brotherhood exists, to our fancy, between William Kennedy and Henry Glassford Bell. There is about both the same vigour, freedom, and warmth; and about the author of *'Summer and Winter Hours,'* there is a peculiar and interesting spirit of determination. The volume is a collection of fugitive pieces: some are long, some short; some glad, some sad; some in praise of ladies fair, and some in praise of fairer nature. Their distinguishing feature is *spirit*;—there are continual gleams of beauty, and gushes of melodious versification: but the main impression left upon the reader's mind, is, that the author is a determined lover of strength and scorner of affectation; that his mind is earnest, impassioned, and sincere; that he is one who never writes on tinted paper, or forbears splitting his pen when it affronts him. Mr. Bell, with the taste of good feeling, evidently despises the prevailing literary fashion of the day—that of playing the juggler with emotions; now tossing them up in the air to excite wonder, and then catching them as they fall on the prongs of ridicule. His love is real love; and equally real are his fits of exaltation and depression. He may admit rugged epithets, lines, or even stanzas, that do not absolutely run on a rail-road; but he never falls into conceits, either of fancy or feeling; and he never favours us with quotations from all the languages that ever were or were not spoken. He is satisfied that bread should be made of wheat, and manifests no wish to turn potatoes into pine-apples. Those poems which appear to be of the latest date, are the most finished in their construction, and deepest in their tone; and this, in connexion with a passage in the preface, sanctions the application of his lively cousin's lines:—

There's fune and joy before thee, Hal,
More than the world ay thinks.

'The Favourite Actress' embodies a subject that it is surprising has not often been introduced in our imaginative literature.

Such a woman, the idol of a day, if also a woman of feeling and reflection, stirs our deepest sympathy—reminds us of Regulus exposed with *lidless* eyes to the glare of the sun—excites the same train of thought which Mr. Bell has expressed in very beautiful verse. The whole is too long to extract, but we must have a couple of verses:—

The light of what the world calls fame,
On woman's path a curse,
Than dull insensibility—
Than thoughtless folly worse.
O why should I have ever sought,
For what I value less
Than ev'n the saddest thought that haunts
My spirit's loneliness!
Why stoop to court the vulgar crowd,
For what I scorn'd when once bestowed!

I wish he saw my pale hot cheek,
Not he alone, but all
Who scarce a little hour ago,
Before the curtain's fall,
Beheld me in the glittering scene
A form of smiles and light,
As if my heart could know no care,
My day could have no night:
I wish they saw me now—for I
Am sick of this wild mummery!

'The Death-Watch' strikingly represents the sad fancies of a mind doubting on the most momentous of all truths—man's immortality. Some of the verses 'To Juliana' read exceedingly like *true* love verses; but our quotation shall be a poem reminding us of Wordsworth's "cheerful faith"—

That all which we behold is full of blessing.

This is the true poetical creed, as opposed to that which not only makes out man to be a mourner, but refuses to let him be comforted.

Nature.

I heard a voice, as 'twere of one cast down
By bitter agony,—and thus he spake:—
"I do impeach thee, Nature! that thou hast
In causeless malice made me wo-begone.
Thou gavest mind to torture me,—the hopes,
By thee first taught to bloom, bloom'd but to fade,—
The feelings that, like honey in the flower,
Imparted to my heart its fragrance, Nature!"
To bitterness,—and, haply to keep pace
With this vile sinking of my nobler part,
My very energies of limb decay.
And sadder—feebler than my fellow-men—
I grope my way through life, a friendless ghost,
That sits on graves, or stalks among the tombs.
Therefore my voice is raised—I stand erect—
And ere I die, I do impeach thee, Nature!"
He spoke, and there was silence. Then I heard
The merry voices of ten thousand birds,
Who sang their morning psalms to the sun;
And through the forest glades the deer awoke,
And shook the dew-drops from their antler'd brows;
And glorious flowers upon the mountain side
Drank in the daylight; and in silver streams
Gold-mantled fish went dashing everywhere;
The mighty ocean murmured as a child
Its mother lulls to rest; the skies look'd down
In blue serenity, as if they smiled,—
And to the dark impeachment of that man
No other answer mighty Nature made.

We look for Mr. Bell's next appearance with high, but confident expectations.

Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and Bhering's Strait, to co-operate with the Polar Expeditions. Under the Command of Capt. F. W. Beechey. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

SINCE the days of our celebrated navigator Captain Cook, we know of no voyage, which, from the nature of its object, the variety of countries visited, and the numerous branches of interesting inquiry it combined, was more calculated to raise expectations than this which has been conducted by Capt. Beechey, and the result has not disappointed us. Although connected with the last effort of government to effect a north-west passage into the Pacific, we have here no unchanging

theme of Icebergs and Esquimaux, but are conducted through the various climates, from the equator to the highest latitude ever reached in Bhering's Strait, in a part of our globe which may be said to be gradually emerging from its primitive state, both as to natives and physical formation. This book will take its place in the library, both of scientific men, and those who delight in a knowledge of our globe. We are, however, so overrun with an arrear of other matter, that we have only room this week for a short extract, giving a very graphic description of the reception of the voyagers at Easter Island:—

"As the boats approached, the anxiety of the natives was manifested by shouts, which overpowered the voices of the officers: and our boats, before they gained the beach, were surrounded by hundreds of swimmers, clinging to the gunwale, the stern, and the rudder, until they became unmanageable. They all appeared to be friendly disposed, and none came empty-handed. Bananas, yams, potatoes, sugar-cane, nets, idols, &c. were offered for sale, and some were even thrown into the boat, leaving their visitors to make what return they chose. Among the swimmers there were a great many females, who were equally or more anxious to get into the boats than the men, and made use of every persuasion to induce the crew to admit them. But to have acceded to their entreaties would have encumbered the party, and subjected them to depredations. As it was, the boats were so weighed down by persons clinging to them, that for personal safety the crew were compelled to have recourse to sticks to keep them off, at which none of the natives took offence, but regained their position the instant the attention of the persons in the boat was called to some other object. Just within the gunwale there were many small things which were highly prized by the swimmers; and the boats being brought low in the water by the crowd hanging to them, many of these articles were stolen, notwithstanding the most vigilant attention on the part of the crew, who had no means of recovering them, the marauders darting into the water, and diving the moment they committed a theft. The women were no less active in these piracies than the men; for if they were not the actual plunderers, they procured the opportunity for others, by engrossing the attention of the seamen, by their caresses and ludicrous gestures.

"In proceeding to the landing-place the boats had to pass a small isolated rock which rose several feet above the water. As many females as could possibly find room crowded upon this eminence, pressing together so closely, that the rock appeared to be a mass of living beings. Of these Nereids three or four would shoot off at a time into the water, and swim with the expertness of fish to the boats to try their influence on their visitors. One of them, a very young girl, and less accustomed to the water than her companions, was taken upon the shoulders of an elderly man, conjectured to be her father, and was, by him, recommended to the attention of one of the officers, who, in his compassion, allowed her a seat in his boat. She was young and exceedingly pretty; her features were small and well made, her eyes dark, and her hair black, long, and flowing; her colour, deep brunette. She was tattooed in arches upon the forehead, and, like the greater part of her countrywomen, from the waist downward to the knee in narrow compact blue lines, which at a short distance had the appearance of breeches. Her only covering was a small triangular maro, made of grass and rushes; but this diminutive screen not agreeing with her ideas of propriety in the novel situation in which she found herself, she remedied the defect by unceremoniously appropriating to that use a part of one of the officers'

apparel, and then commenced a song not altogether inharmonious. Far from being jealous of her situation, she aided all her countrywomen who aspired to the same seat of honour with herself, by dragging them out of the water by the hair of the head; but unkind as it might appear to prevent this, it was necessary to do so, or the boats would have been filled and unmanageable." p. 32—4.

FAMILY LIBRARY.—VOL. XX.
Sketches from Venetian History. 2 vols.
Vol. I. London, 1831. Murray.

WHEN we opened this volume, the first thing that caught our attention, was one of Prout's splendid views of the Piazzetta. There is a bold vigorous daring in this artist's handling of his pencil, that, when successful, brings to you the reality of a scene beyond any painter of the day: and we never knew him fail in a view of Venice. For the architectural and picturesque glories of that city of palaces, he has a passion that makes us rivals. This one view alone recalled the reality to our imagination, and filled our mind and heart with past thoughts and past feelings—moonlit nights, when the proud towering Campanile threw its broad shadow across the Piazza, and we laughed with Venetian beauties, and sighed that their husbands and lovers—native born—were whistling an accompaniment to the band of an Austrian regiment, while symbols of the past sovereignty of their forefathers were flickering above as if in mockery—the grandeur of St. Mark's, with all its dim and shadowy mosaics, that seem like art spiritualized—the barbaric pomp of the old ducal palace, and the marble beauty of Palladio which surrounded us—and, above all, the feelings with which we first entered the old palace itself! There is nothing, indeed, in its mere appearance that could excite much feeling of any sort—it is but a pile of questionable architecture; but what it *was*, is written in the history of the last thousand years. We went there to see splendid rooms, fine paintings, choice statuary; and after all, these passed as nothing. *There* was the seat of power, that for a thousand years was able to maintain itself, and to dictate to half the world; that went forth in its chivalry to dispossess usurpers and to uphold weaker nations;—there sat the representative of a handful of men, to whom emperors came in supplication. Whether the power they possessed was well or ill used, whether the form of government was good or bad, is hardly determined even now—when our own patriot, Harrington, wrote, it was held a model; but good or bad, and whether held for good or for bad purposes, it cannot be denied that they did possess that power which for many ages was predominant over civilized Europe: and we confess that we felt this sensibly, and equally in the magnificent chambers of its insolent triumphing, and the gloomy cells of its iniquitous suspicion. Magnificent, indeed, were the one, and horrible, God knows, the other—and if stones had tongues, and those cells could have verified all that has been told as true, we should rejoice that a power so absolute and so cruelly abused, is overthrown.

A republic sounds well; but it was too much a sound all over Italy, if we associate with it any idea of the liberty and happiness of the people. Too many of the Italian republics justify the old and right royal

sophism—better one tyrant than many; in fact, republic can mean little, unless legislative power rests on representation, and then names are nothing. The stir, the excitement of the old republics, the ambitious daring of the citizens, the great questions that occupied their thoughts, the great principles openly canvassed, raised the personal character of the people, elevated their ambition, roused their hopes and nerved their endeavour, and therefore necessarily awakened mind. This was a great good, from which the world has reaped a glorious harvest of intelligence and knowledge: but it was not without alloy; the stagnation of despotism itself—though worse for the world—was hardly worse for the people, than the eternal contention for power, the irregular possession of it, the inquiet of successful ambition, and their own uncontrolled passions. But the Venetian government, though glorious in its promise, and ever splendid and imposing in appearance was, for ages, a dull and leaden despotism, and to sorrow at its overthrow, would be to sympathize with power and fame, when we should sympathize with humanity. Its proud and cruel aristocracy have been stricken down—and how remorseless and successful the blow has been is scarcely credible—but what have we to regret in this? It is one despotism overthrown by another, not a people enslaved—they were slaves before; power, profligacy, and baseness included all Venice; and the government fell, in its staggering imbecility, under the weight of its own infamy, before the first finger that was raised to bid it crouch and humble itself.

Venice was dead, to all great purposes, a century ago; and, except for those virtues which aristocratic governments generate among the aristocracy, which resemble those virtues that republics generate in all ranks, it was dead to all good purposes much earlier. It was a despotism that has never been exceeded; but, though it had all the captivating grandeur of despotism, and all the power in the concentration of the energies of the state, it concealed the disgusting reality under the outward forms of election and equality; though a mere tyrannizing oligarchy, it astonished by the republican impartiality with which it denounced its highest and proudest citizens, when the safety of the common weal required it. This it was that captivated political dreamers: but it was tinsel, not gold; the wisdom of selfishness, not the virtue of patriotism;—to the people it was a tyranny and usurpation, and nothing else. It was gentle and even paternal in its security, but bloody and dreadful in opposition and anger. One half of its atrocities must be guessed at, for its tribunals were secret, its prisons tongueless, its lagunes staked; its iron arm was felt, though it was not always seen whence the blow came.

The wisdom of the Venetian government was distrust—its power was terror; but when it became more tolerant, and less tyrannical, it became weak—not because weakness is consequent on gentleness, but that, ceasing to fear, we do not begin to love, but to despise. Had there been anything of that republican energy and virtue in the people, which its first form of government promised, they might latterly have "pushed the tyrants from their stools," and the state had found its security in that national

strength which seemed to Addison to make the city impregnable to foreign violence; but the people were debased and corrupted, that their governors might reign on in quiet and security. Had the governors retained anything of their former pride and selfish daring, they had the same advantages that in other ages secured them against the combined powers of half Europe; but quiet and security in its re-action had debased and demoralized the aristocracy; and the government of Venice, corrupt and rotten to the core, was at last a form and not a reality; and it crumbled to nothing, like the fabled fruits on the Dead Sea, in the first hand that grasped it.

Still the history of Venice is and must ever be full of interest, and the present volume will, no doubt, be generally acceptable. The well known works of Sismondi and Daru are the guides of the writer, whose endeavour has been to follow out the authorities referred to, and to select such characteristic incidents from the chroniclers of Italian story as best tend to illustrate the manners and the civil and political condition of Venice at the period he is describing. The work is not, nor does it profess to be, a history, but sketches of history—a distinction that, being borne in mind, may save the reader some disappointment. The writer's mind, however, is not sufficiently imbued with his subject—he is undoubtedly impartial, and perhaps prides himself on it; but with all becoming respect for the common-place that will contradict us, his book is the worse for it; he talks becomingly of the oligarchy, but his habit is to throw scorn upon the people—he is a calm, deliberate looker-on—we would have had him something of a partizan, and had he felt great interest in his subject, a partizan he would and must have been. His narrative however is always clear;—his account of the government, and changes in the government, satisfactory and intelligible; no small merit in writing of one so involved and perplexed as that of Venice. We give, in illustration, this brief notice of the despotism that was established on the discovery of the conspiracy of Thiepolo, by the institution of the famous Council of Ten.

"But the most important consequence of the suppression of this Conspiracy was the voluntary abandonment of their own freedom, to which it led, by that class which had as yet been only employed in curtailing the freedom of others. If the Government were to continue as now framed, it was manifest that some security must be provided against the recurrence of a danger similar to that from which it had just extricated itself. Treason had been nurtured and matured in the bosom of the very Capital without discovery, and even without suspicion. . . . A Commission was therefore appointed with extraordinary powers, addressed, in the first instance, to the extinguishment of the ashes of the late insurrection. Ten Magistrates (*I Dieci*), named as a Criminal Court, were invested with a plenary inquisitorial authority, with an entire sovereignty over every individual in the State, and with freedom from all responsibility and appeal. Their duration was at first limited to ten days; but this was six times prolonged for a like period; then for a year; soon after for five; next for ten; and, in the end, the Tribunal, with a great extension of powers, was declared to be permanent. These powers so frequently and fearfully intermingling themselves with the course of our future narrative, that we

shall here but briefly touch upon them. The Ten officers from whom the Court derived its title, were chosen annually, at four different assemblies of the Grand Council. No two of them might be members of the same family, or even bear the same name; and, from the colour of their robes of ceremony, they were termed *I Neri*, or the Black. To these, in after times, were added also the Signory, as assessors, termed, for a like reason, *I Rossi*, the Red. In their judicial administration, the Members of this Council inquired, sentenced, and punished, 'according to what they called Reason of State.' The public eye never penetrated the mystery of their proceedings; the accused was sometimes not heard—never confronted with witnesses: the condemnation was secret as the inquiry; the punishment undivulged like both. Nor was this all: instituted solely for the cognizance of State crimes, this Tribunal gradually attributed to itself the control of every branch of Government, and exercised despotic influence over the questions of Peace and War, over fiscal enactments, military arrangements, and negotiations with foreign Powers. It annulled, at pleasure, the decrees of the Grand Council, degraded its Members, deposed, and even put to death, the Chief Magistrate himself. An object alike of terror

and of detestation to those whom it oppressed under the pretext of salutary guardianship, it yet prolonged an uninterrupted sway during five centuries; and our wonder at the political problem of its long-continued existence is not a little heightened, when it is remembered that the Great Council, upon which, of all other classes, it weighed with far the most grievous burden, might, by refusing its votes at any one of the four elections in each year, have abolished its hateful yoke for ever." p. 231—33.

We shall again return of this volume; but cannot defer noticing the embellishments—many of them would do honour to the Annals. There are beautiful views of the Piazzetta and the Ducal Palace—of the Piazzetta and the Red Columns—the Giant's Stairs—and the Campanile—all by Prout! a map of Constantinople and the Lagune—and fourteen wood-cuts! With one of these, curiously illustrative of the military and religious disposition of the age, and that union which so characterized the spirit of chivalry, we are enabled to grace our pages—the subject is the *Carroccio*, or Sacred Battle Chariot of the Milanese.



Nichols's Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century. London, 1831. Nichols.

ANOTHER volume of literary anecdotes selected from the pleasant and endless stores of the deceased Mr. Nichols. We have only room for two or three of the *jeux d'esprit*, that passed from Gifford of the 'Quarterly,' to Bulmer the printer. The one was Paymaster of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, and the other an old and worthy member—they were generally written on the blank part of the proofs of Shirley's Plays, which Gifford was editing and Bulmer printing, and are substitutes for the official circulars, informing the parties addressed, that an Exchequer warrant had been issued, and that they might receive their quarterly salaries:—

DEAR BULMER,

May, 1810.

Did but the proofs of Shirley's Plays
Return as quick as Quarter-days,
How would my friend Tom Turner chuckle,
And you give thanks on either knuckle!
But, pardon! I will speed them faster;
Meanwhile, to appease your wrath, my master,
You shall receive (before the others)
Your April salary and your Brother's.

DEAR BULMER,

Sept. 21, 1820.

Why are you so late,
When all the Band, both small and great,
Are hourly pushing through the Gate,
Hight Bucking-ham,
To take their pay, before the mob
Of Wood have filled every fob,
And made their "Waits" a paltry job
Not worth a d—n?

When Gifford received his first printed summons, the word *Honourable* (an appellation to which the members of the Band are entitled,) was inadvertently omitted—to this he refers in the following:—

To W. Bulmer, Esq.

I, who, like any pea-hen gay,
Cluck'd for my brood on Quarter-day,
And saw them, at the well-known sound,
Come waddling, gobbling, clustering round,
Now, thanks to your pernicious press
That robb'd the *Forty*, more or less,
Of all their "Honour"—and each note,
Stick like Grim-gribber in my throat.
What imp of that Old Serpent's seed
Urg'd you to this felonious deed?
Say, was it pride—that He, the Knight,
First of the name, Sir Fenwick light,
Might shine "in his new gloss" and stand
Sole *Honourable* in the Band!
Oh evil, evil have you done:—
My letters now are spit upon;
And though the Forty still repair
To James Street, humbled as they are,

Yet, blank of face and chill of heart,
They "come like shadows, so depart!"

And come (for I would fain forget
My private wrongs, dear Bulmeret!)
You, too; but not, as you were wont,
With careless air and open front,
But—lest the Band your steps should mark—
Wrapt "in the blanket of the dark;"
Or you may witness to your cost,
What wrath can do, when *Honour's* lost!

These are but trifles—but they are pleasant trifles, coming from such a man as the fierce editor of the 'Quarterly.'

The Rectory of Valehead. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

WE owe some apology to the learned and exemplary author of this volume, for inadvertently neglecting to give it an earlier notice. Its merits are now pretty generally known among those who, along with amusement, seek for the loftiest and the purest sorts of instruction. Religion and piety here make fiction their handmaid; and Mr. Evans has presented to the world a manual of Christianity applied to the domestic duties and simplest incidents of life—in which the plainest truths are stated in the most engaging language, and a truly religious spirit pours itself out on every subject to which it is directed; and yet, with a felicity unattained or untried for by more ambitious teachers, the author has kept himself entirely free from cant or affectation. We wish all the success to this little tale to which its talent and its humility so eminently entitle it.

Buffon's Natural History. Corrected and enlarged by John Wright, M.Z.S. 4 vols. London, Tegg.

Few studies are more delightful to the young than natural history—few more instructive and beneficial to all. A work, therefore, like this, illustrated beautifully and most abundantly, when published at a price that makes it an addition to our cheap and useful literature, deserves the strongest recommendation of those whose good word may be influential in extending its sale; therefore, to the young, as the best investment of their long-treasured silver, and to the old, as the best present for the young, we in all sincerity commend it.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—No. XVI.

The Characters of Theophrastus. London, Valpy.

WITH a just and becoming confidence, the publisher of this volume requested early attention to it, and we are happy that it is in our power to comply with his wishes. The original work is too well known to need commendation: it has been, we believe, translated into every European language, not to mention numberless imitations. The present edition is illustrated with fifty clever sketches, and is altogether a very delightful pocket volume: a better stage-coach companion, or one for a weary fire-side on a wet day, we could not recommend to those who delight in studying the vast varieties of human character.

The Planet. Nos. I. & II. London, J. Nimmo.

THIS little sixpenny periodical deserves a word of commendation. There is some pleasant writing in it—we should especially mention the Reminiscences; and there is not a line or a word that can either hurt the morals or the taste of young people, for whom, we conceive, it is particularly intended.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

THE LOST BRIDE.

BY MISS JEWSEURY.

In vain the solemn shades
No earthly light pervades,
Shroud thy sad fate from every human eye;
Fancy her aid intrudes,
The awful soul renounces,
And bids my shuddering soul the fatal truth descry.

MRS. LAWRENCE.

BENEATH the Indian waters,
Where rocks of coral sleep,
One of the West's bright daughters
Is gone down to the deep.
For isles beyond the billow
She sailed in bridal glee,
And now she makes her pillow
In cold caves of the sea.

The couch where she reposes
Is many a monster's lair;
And, for wreaths of summer roses,
The sea-weed wraps her hair!
Bright coral rocks are round her,
And where she sleeps are pearls;
But her mother, if she found her,
Would not know her raven curls.

Now other ships glide over,
Where one as strong went down,
Bearing many a youthful rover,
Who feared no tempest's frown;
With gold and glad hearts laden,
A thousand barks may be,
Yet bear no brighter maiden
Than the one deep in the sea!

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

[Continued from p. 132.]

WE gave last week a brief account of this Institution from its commencement. Since the beginning of the present session, the following is an abstract of what has taken place:—

Meeting 11th Jan. 1831.—Mr. James Walker, Vice-President, in the chair.

ON IRON, GRAVEL, AND LIME CEMENT.

Mr. Walker observed, that lime which sets as a cement contains a small portion of iron. Mr. Farey stated, that, at New London Bridge, some hard concreted masses were discovered, formed by the refuse of needle and pin-makers thrown from workshops on the old bridge: the iron was perfectly oxidized. Mr. Palmer mentioned, of the new works at the London Docks, every spring in the excavation was impregnated with iron, and formed concrete masses of the gravel and sand, through which it was difficult to drive piles. Mr. Walker mentioned, the bed of concrete, called the Blackwall Rock, the thickness did not exceed eighteen inches; it was broken into pieces for removing, of about a foot square, by means of a shod pile. Mr. Palmer observed, that the perfection of Roman cement consists in the smallness of the portion of iron, and the separation of the particles: it does not assist in setting until oxidation takes place. Mr. Brown, of Wakefield, stated, that large scales had been used with good effect; also minion, which is ironstone, after being burned on the hill; the proportions are, one of lime, two of sand, one quarter of minion. Mr. Farey observed, that the quality of the cement depends upon the complete oxidation of the iron; the first state of oxidation occasions swelling. Mr. Walker, that no limestone is good water cement, but what contains clay. Mr. Brown mentioned, incidentally, that in travelling over the Manchester railway, during the late frost, the time occupied was four hours instead of two, owing to the slipping of the wagon wheels.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Mr. John Maciel presented a volume of the Holyhead Parliamentary Reports.

Mr. Walker, a Report on the comparative merits of locomotive and fixed engines as a moving power; also, a printed Report on Lynn Harbour and Eau Brink Navigation.

The thanks of the Institution voted to these two members.

N.B. Officers for the present year put in nomination.

Annual General Meeting, 18th Jan. 1831.—Mr. John Donkin in the chair.

Officers for the present year elected.

Ordinary Meeting, 25th Jan. 1831.—The President, Thomas Telford, Esq., in the chair.

ON THE SLIPPING OF WAGON WHEELS, &c.

Mr. Simpson thought that the delay on the Manchester railway, during the late frost, must not be attributed wholly to the slipping of the wheels, for the snow and sleet required men to sweep it off. He considered that wagons still required much improvement, as slight obstructions throw them off the road. In passing along the line, he observed that the embankments were in a very insecure state. Mr. Maciel observed that the chairs were made too small. Mr. Simpson said great pains were taken to obtain pure water for the engines—that from the Manchester waterworks was found to answer best. This subject is of great importance to locomotive engines. Mr. Turrell considered it of importance to investigate the properties of water, as to the boiling point. He stated a case where water had the appearance of ebullition considerably below 212°. Sea water boils at a different temperature from fresh. Mr. Simpson observed, that in fixed engines, when water is thrown in at a temperature of 180°, there is little precipitation. At the Chelsea water-works the boilers are often cleaned in the winter than the summer. He stated that a man at Manchester had obtained a patent for collecting and removing the sediment from boilers.

HAVE ANY STONES FIT FOR LITHOGRAPHY BEEN FOUND IN ENGLAND?

Mr. Farey said such stones have been found, but all of inferior quality. Mr. Maciel stated, that a stone got in Warwickshire was sufficient for transfers, but not for fine drawings. Mr. Wyld said, that a stone got near Bristol is fit for lithography; it is white lias: blue lias answers for transfers, but it is too dark for fine work; he has tried experiments with white marble, but found that a flaw was produced where a vein occurred;—he claimed the first introduction of transfer lithography into this country. Plans of several of the battles in Spain, and the plan of Burgos, were issued from the Quarter-master General's Office in 1812. Mr. Turrell stated objections to roller-printing, and inquired whether perpendicular pressure had been attempted. Mr. Wyld had made the experiments, but unsuccessfully: said a scraper is superior to a roller, as it accommodated itself to the inequalities of the surface. Mr. Turrell observed, that the great superiority of copper-plate printing arises from a stone being thrown by each lias, which gives what is called a tone to the picture.

CONTRIBUTION.

A Map, and historical and descriptive account of the Inland Navigation and Railways of Great Britain, by Mr. Priestley, was presented by the President, for which he received thanks.

Ordinary Meeting of 1st Feb. 1831.—The President, Thomas Telford, Esq., in the chair.

Mr. Jopling having laid the description of Mr. Seth Smith's patent circular cast-iron chimney-flue before the Institution, Mr. Turrell inquired whether the iron was not apt to be corroded by the sal ammoniac contained in the soot. Mr. Jopling said that was only to be determined by time: the chief object was to save parqueting, and render the flue more easily cleansed: about 200 flues had already been constructed upon this plan. Mr. Gordon observed, that the circular shape was adopted in constructing the chimneys of the new King's College. Mr. Jopling said he would produce the models of Mr. Smith's patent flue at the next meeting of the Institution.

ON LITHOGRAPHY.

Mr. Wyld exhibited original sketches, one drawn on stone by Sir R. K. Porter, in the year 1802, being the first that was done in this country. He stated, that the chief advantage of lithography over copperplate printing, was the rapidity with which it could be performed: as an instance, he received an order for a small plan for illustration at 3 P.M.; the plan was drawn, printed, and 100 copies delivered to Lord Sidmouth before nine o'clock the same evening. Mr. Wyld exhibited and explained many fine specimens of lithography.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

A History of the Bedford Level Drainage, in 2 vols., by S. Wells, Esq., with a large Map: presented by the President.

A drawing of a timber bridge over the Eau Brink cut, 830 feet in length: presented by Mr. Thomas Casbourne.

A proof print of the front elevation of the Temple of Ægina, as restored by Cockerel: presented by Mr. Turrell.

A specimen of a lithographic stone, white lias, from Stratford-on-Avon: presented by Mr. Wyld.

Thanks were voted for each of these contributions.

Ordinary Meeting, 8th Feb. 1831.—The President, Thomas Telford, Esq., in the chair.

ON THE BEST METHOD OF REGULATING THE SUPPLY OF WATER TO MILLS.

Mr. John Donkin stated that two gates, of which a drawing and description were presented, have been constructed, and found to answer the intended purpose

—that is, to be of easy adjustment, and to diminish friction. Mr. Cubitt considered the plan simple and efficient: the friction would be only about one-tenth of the ordinary mode.

ON MR. SMITH'S PATENT METALLIC LINING FOR CHIMNEY FLUES.

Mr. Jopling produced a model of the circular flue—of these 200 were now in operation; the diameters vary from five to ten inches: one of forty feet in length, is six inches in diameter; the saving of brickwork considerable; chimney breasts may frequently be dispensed with; the flues are placed nine inches apart. Mr. Simpson approved of the principle; the flue might be cleansed by dropping a two pound shot, armed with bristles: climbing boys should be got rid of. The additional cost on a good house should not be regarded. The President considered the subject important for safety and domestic comfort, and that every encouragement should be afforded.

ON MR. SMITH'S FIRE-PROOF CEILING.

Mr. Smith explained the specimen on the table: he was constructing a building on this principle, which will cover three-quarters of an acre; it is for a coach mart.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Drawing and description of an improved gate for wide water-wheels: from Mr. B. Donkin.

A drawing and description of the new bridge now building at Chester: presented by Mr. Combe.

Wills' Illustrations of Lincoln Cathedral: presented by Mr. Turrell.

Thanks were voted to each of the above members.

MEMBERS ELECTED.

Mr. Nichol Baird, civil engineer, Upper Canada, as a Corresponding Member.—Mr. James Bunning, of Guildford Street, Foundling Hospital, architect, as an Associate.—Mr. John Maciel transferred from an Associate to be a Corresponding Member.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 3.—H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, President, in the chair.—The sequel of Mr. Lloyd's paper, giving an account of his observations on the River Thames was read. The results prove that all the parts of the river are more or less below the level of mean high water at Sheerness. The marshes at Woolwich are more than two feet below Sheerness, the entrance of the Regent's Canal rather more, and other parts of the river in proportion. Mr. Lloyd extended his observations to determine the difference in level, between that of the mural circle at Greenwich observatory, and his mark at Sheerness, which he found to be 140 feet. A detail was also given of the method by which he has arrived at these results, and his experience has enabled him to form a table, giving the curvature of the earth at every five feet, commencing with 60 and extending to 6000.

Certificates were read in favour of Capt. A. De Roos, R.N., John Evans, Esq., and E. Colman, Esq. The Rev. R. Walker was balloted for and elected a member.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Feb. 25.—Mr. Cooper gave a very interesting account of the machinery now in use for making paper. This most useful article, did not till lately claim the attention of the curious, on account of any very ingenious process connected with its manufacture. It was formerly made by dipping frames, covered with wire-gauze, into a pulp of finely-divided rags and water, mixed to a very fluid consistency. When the frame was lifted out of the mixture, the water alone ran through the gauze, leaving the pulp so far consolidated, that it might be removed in the form of a wet sheet of paper. This process is still continued for most kinds of writing paper, but it is laborious, and very limited as to the dimensions of the paper, because the frame cannot be larger than one workman can conveniently lift in and out of the pulp. The largest paper made by this method, is that called *Antiquarian*, which is fifty-two inches long, and thirty-one inches wide; and, though this is large enough for most purposes of writing and drawing, yet for printing, much larger sheets are occasion-

ally employed, and for paper-hangings, a continuous length of many yards is very desirable.

About the year 1812, a very curious machine was erected by Messrs. Fourdrinier, at Twowaters in Hertfordshire, by which, paper could be made of a length limited only by the quantity of pulp employed. This apparatus consisted of a long surface of wire gauze, joined at the ends, so that being made to move on rollers, the upper part presented a flat kind of wire table to receive the pulp, while the lower part, passing round a roller at each end, returned and made the movement continuous. The breadth of the gauze was regulated by the intended breadth of the paper, and in this machine was four feet or more. The pulp was supplied by a small trough at one end of the gauze, and the water gradually soaking through, left the pulp more firm as the wire advanced. At the distance of about ten feet from the trough, the gauze passed under a roller, which pressed the water more effectually out of the pulp, and the paper being now sufficiently formed, passed from the gauze over and under several rollers, to a reel on which it was wound. It was afterwards taken from the reel, by cutting it from the circumference towards the centre, in three or more places, according to the diameter of the reel, and the intended dimensions of the sheets. The mass so cut off, cohered with some force, but by beating it, the sheets were separated, and, as the thickness of paper on the reel was very considerable, the inner sheets were much narrower than the outer ones; it was necessary therefore to cut them all to one size, which occasioned a loss of one tenth, and in some cases, one sixth of the whole produce.

A great improvement was effected in this kind of machine, by making the paper pass over metal cylinders to which steam was admitted; by these means the paper was perfectly dried, before it was wound off. But a still more important contrivance was added, which cut the paper off into sheets of any requisite dimensions, whereby all loss was avoided: so that at one end of the apparatus the pulp was supplied, and at the other the sheets fell off ready for use.

The large size of a machine so formed, was, however, some objection, and a very ingenious modification of the principle, in which the paper is made upon a cylinder of only two feet diameter, is the latest improvement in paper-making. It is scarcely possible to describe this contrivance without the aid of drawings, but it may give some general idea of the machine, to state that one portion of the cylinder is made hollow, and from this portion the air is extracted, so that the pressure of the atmosphere performs, in a few inches of space, the operation of draining the pulp, which required in the other machine, many feet in length.

We may observe upon the whole, that paper made by machinery, is inferior to that made by hand, at least for the nicer purposes of art. Its surface is not so perfect as that which is merely suffered to dry, without sustaining much pressure during the manufacture; but for very large printing papers, machine paper is indispensable, and for paper-hangings it is now used in pieces of twelve yards each.

A specimen was exhibited of paper made from leather, which possessed a strength very superior to any other.

In the library were some very clever anatomical models in wax, and a set of beautiful plates of similar subjects.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mar. 3.—W. R. Hamilton, Vice-president, in the chair.—Mr. Britton exhibited to the Society six fine sepia drawings: An elevation of the South Transept of Beverley Minster—a flank elevation of Brixworth Church, Northamptonshire—and of the Jewry Wall at Leicester—the Door of Malmesbury Abbey Church

—two external views of Warwick Castle—and a view in the Court-yard of the same splendid edifice; for which the thanks of the Society were voted to him.

Mr. Bartholomew exhibited a drawing of a tessellated pavement, restored from some fragments discovered by him in some excavations in Clerkenwell Green.

The Chevalier de Bronsted laid on the table two sculptured bronzes, which he became possessed of lately when in the south of Italy, where they were found. He supposes them to have formed part of the same breast-plate, as their subjects are coherent, each presenting a group of a male warrior contending with an Amazon, and from their characteristics, it is presumed that they represent the two Ajaxes thus engaged. The figures are about six inches in length, and are in the finest style of Greek art; they may be referred, their learned proprietor thinks, to the age of Alexander the Great; and he supposes, moreover, that the shield which belonged to the suit of armour, of which they are a part, presented the contest of Achilles with Penthesilea, thus completing the Homeric episode. One of the two bronzes is in a very fine state of preservation, the group being quite perfect, but the other is considerably injured by the destruction of the head of the hero.

After the communications accompanying the foregoing were read, the Secretary read, in continuation, from the Rev. Mr. Skinner's letters to Sir R. C. Hoare, on the site of Cannadunum.

E. N. Alexander, Esq., was balloted for and duly elected a Fellow of the Society, and the Vice President gave notice of the ballot for another candidate for the honour on Thursday next.

A resolution of the council of the Society, with respect to the publication of Remains of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman Literature, was read and ordered to be suspended in the meeting-room, preparatory to taking the sense of the Society on the subject. It proposes to publish at the expense of the Society, but instead of furnishing every member with a copy gratis, to supply copies at half the publishing price to those Fellows of the Society only who choose to subscribe.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 28.—Colonel Leake, Vice-President, in the chair.—The minutes of the former meeting being read over, and a list of the various presents to the Society, the Secretary, Captain M'Konochie, announced the following resolutions of the President and Council, relative to the royal premium placed at their disposal:—

His Majesty's annual donation of Fifty Guineas will be presented to the author of the best communication, which may be sent to the Society, on or before the second Monday of March 1832, on either of the two following points,—provided that it appear to the Council to be worthy of such distinction:—

1st. A detailed account, accompanied by sufficient plans and views of any important geographical discovery, provided that it may not have been previously published, and that the author was personally engaged in it.

2d. The establishment of any of those lost sites of antiquity, which may be materially connected with the geography of history. Such discovery being considered by the Council of importance equal to modern geographical acquisitions.

The Secretary then proceeded to inform the meeting, that the President and Council had determined, at some future opportunity, to offer premiums for the best papers on the following subjects:—

1st. A manual for travellers. This manual should concisely, but clearly, enumerate the various objects which should occupy the attention of a traveller;—the steps by which any desired information can be most readily obtained, should be methodized in it;—the instruments with which he should provide himself, as well for determining his position, measuring elevations and distances, and observing magnetic phenomena, as

for ascertaining those circumstances of temperature, atmosphere, and climate, which are not less essentially connected with statistic than with physical geography, should be described in it;—and lastly, it should contain directions for adjusting the instruments, formulae for registering the observations, and rules for working out the results.

To render this manual more generally useful, it should be considered that there are various classes of travellers, and that the machinery, which might be conveyed in a luxurious carriage, or intrusted to the care of servants, would be ill adapted to the pedestrians who are obliged to carry, and often to conceal, their implements. For such enterprising individuals, a peculiar assortment of instruments should be contrived—their load must be rendered as light as possible—and the requisite tables and formulae condensed into the smallest space.

2nd. A statement of the principal desiderata in local geography, ancient and modern—bringing into one view all that has been already done, and pointing out the most eligible routes that travellers can pursue, in endeavouring to fill up the blanks that disfigure our maps.

3rd. Copious geographical tables showing the changes which have occurred in the nomenclature of places, at successive periods of history, and giving references to the authorities.

The President and Council further announce, that it will always be a favourite object to encourage, by means of premiums or rewards, every mechanical invention which shall facilitate the acquisition of geographical knowledge, or which shall render that knowledge more available to the public. Under this head may be included the simplification of instruments, more compendious methods of determining positions, and all improvements in the art of drawing and engraving maps, whereby their precision and distinctness are increased, and greater scope and expression given to what may be called the language of topography.

Part of a paper on the geography of the Isthmus of Darien, between Panama and Chagres, communicated by A. J. Lloyd, Esq., was read.

C. T. Ramage, Esq. was elected, and W. D. Cooley, Esq. and General Armstrong proposed as candidates for admission.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 2.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.

The following gentlemen were elected Fellows of the Society:—Robert McCallan, Esq., the Dean of Carlisle, and William Hawes, Esq.

A paper was first read, on the Ripple Marks and Tracks of Animals in the Forest Marble, by George Poulett Scrope, Esq., F.G.S. F.R.S.

The reading of a paper was then begun entitled, Description of a Series of Longitudinal and Transverse Sections through a portion of the Carboniferous chain between Penigent and Kirkby Stephen, by Professor Sedgwick, F.G.S. F.R.S.

Among the donations laid upon the table, was a collection of recent shells from the sea coast near Swan River, and presented by Archdeacon Scott, F.G.S.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The monthly meeting of this Society was held on Thursday, J. E. Bichen, Esq. F.R.S., in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. The report of the Council, as read by the Secretary, announced the cash-balance in hand to be £457. 11s. 5d. The number of visitors, during the month of February, were, to the Museum 816, to the Gardens 3160. The Council stated their accordance to the code of bye-laws prepared by the Committee appointed to frame them, with two additions, which were agreed to; they also recommended that Lord Stanley should be requested to execute the duties of President until the next anniversary. The donations to the Library, Museum, and Menagerie, were numerous and valuable.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The exhibition at the meeting of this Society, on Tuesday last, consisted of nine sorts of camellias, from the rich collection of Mr. Chandler at Vauxhall; camellias from T. C. Palmer, Esq., F.H.S.; specimens of the leucocium ver-

num, forced Swedish turnips, and striped perennial kale, from Mr. Daniel Grant, of Lewisham; Newton pippins, from J. Beadnell, Esq.; and twenty-two sorts of apples, six sorts of pears, two sorts of rhubarb, a collection of crocuses, camellias, and flowers of the fragrant chimonanthus from the Society's garden.

A paper on the cultivation of the melon, by T. A. Knight, Esq., the President, was read.

Cuttings of the Ickworth Imperatrice plum, the greengage-gooseberry, and of a very sweet red currant, varieties particularly recommended, and sent up by Mr. Knight, from Downton, for distribution, were given to the Fellows, as were also cuttings of the Marie Louise pear, Golden Harvey and Court of Wick apples, kinds of the highest merit, from the Society's garden.

John Turrell, Esq., was elected a Fellow of the Society.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of the present month was held on Tuesday last. Dr. Maton, Vice-president, in the chair.—A letter from Dr. James Lindsay was read, recording the discovery of *Helix obvoluta*, in England, for the first time. The specimens of this shell, about twenty in number, were found among moss, at the root of a tree in Hampshire. The Secretary also commenced the reading of a paper on the recent Nautilaceous Mollusca of Britain, by J. G. Jefferys, Esq. F.L.S.—C. O. S. Morgan, Esq. was elected a fellow of the Society, and certificates in favour of three candidates were read.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 26.—Mr. Bacot in the chair.—The discussion on Mr. Winslow's paper, was this evening resumed. The subject appears to have excited considerable interest, there being many visitors as well as a full attendance of members. Some very amusing facts, and interesting cures were related by different gentlemen, illustrative of the influence the mind has on the body, both in producing and relieving disease. Dr. Epps appeared as the champion of phrenology, and insisted on the necessity of anatomizing the passions. Mr. Ainsworth referred to the singular case of Miss Fancourt, now making so much noise in the religious world; he made some observations on it, considering it to come under the class of disorders referred to in the author's paper. No addition was made to the arguments advanced on the previous debate. The position Mr. Winslow took, seemed to be generally admitted to be sound, and in perfect accordance with medical experience, and logical reasoning. Drs. Stewart, Gregory, Thompson, and Barry, with Messrs. North, Burnett, Costelloe, Evans, and Cooper, joined in the debate, which continued the whole evening with great spirit. Cranio-logy will very shortly be brought before this Society for discussion; and, judging from the sparring this evening, we imagine there will be some hard fighting.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{ Medical Society Eight, P.M. Phrenological Society Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{ Medico-Chirurgical Society .. Nine, P.M. Institution of Civil Engineers, Eight, P.M. Society of Arts (Evening H- <i>astrations</i>) Eight, P.M.
WEDNES.	{ Society of Arts ½ past 7, P.M. London Institution (<i>Conver- sazione</i>) Seven, P.M.
THURSD.	{ Royal Society ½ past 8, P.M. Society of Antiquaries Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY,	{ Royal Institution ½ past 8, P.M. Astronomical Society Eight, P.M.
SATURD.	Westminster Medical Society, Eight P.M.

FINE ARTS

ARTISTS' CONVERSAZIONE.

THE fourth meeting took place on Saturday last, and was very numerous attended by artists as well as amateurs. The chief attraction was a picture by Mr. Stanfield, painted for Mr. Morant, a 'View in the Isle of Wight.' It was an admirable specimen of this artist's talents, and the liberal owner was much envied its possession. Some very clever sketches by Mr. Brandard were also on the table; together with numerous specimens of the works of the different artists in water-colours. The two whole-length figures, suspended on the walls, met with deserved condemnation: they might be very well for Surgeons' Hall, but their exhibition at this meeting was in bad taste.

The New Union of Artists and Amateurs on an extended scale, so spiritedly taken up by Lord Wharncliffe, assisted by other noble amateurs, was much commented upon; and it was curious to hear the keen discussion of a plan not yet perfected. One zealous member delighted us with a touch of his own peculiar humour, in comparing its formation to that of the new Belgian and French constitution, and gravely asserting that unless it proceeded on a similar plan it could not succeed. In our next, we hope to lay before our readers an accurate detail of the whole plan. It is an institution likely, we think, to confer substantial benefit on the fine arts of this country.

ARTISTS AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

THE fifth meeting, and the last but one of the season, was held on Wednesday evening at the Freemasons' Tavern; and the display of works of art exhibited was not less rich than we have seen it on every former occasion. Turner was in all his glory. Nearly twenty of his finest works, including the famous one of 'Cologne on the Rhine,' were kindly lent on this occasion by Mr. Tomkisson. The same gentleman also brought with him his fine picture of the 'Crucifixion,' by Vandyck. We were much pleased with Stephanoff's powerful water-colour drawing of 'Rembrandt in his Studio,' a picture ably coloured and well composed. Mr. Hall, the editor of the 'Amulet,' favoured the meeting by the exhibition of the portrait of 'Lady Blesington,' by Sir Thomas Lawrence, lately brought by him from Paris, to be engraved for his work. It is one of the happiest of the painter's productions. Mr. Wood, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Rothwell contributed greatly to the delight of the meeting by their pictures; nor were the water-colour members of the Society backward in their aid. Mr. Behnes had a bust, in marble, of a female, executed with great delicacy and beauty. Mr. Parris exhibited an ingenious model of a scaffolding for the purpose of repairing the paintings by Sir James Thornhill in the dome of St. Paul's; if these repairs ever take place, the labours of Mr. Parris will then be truly estimated. There were several unpublished prints of great beauty on the table, including the 'Bride' of Leslie, the 'Bride's Maid' of Parris, the 'Enthusiast' of Theodore Lane, &c.

The meeting was numerous attended. Lord Wharncliffe, Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A. (both members,) several of the R.A.'s, and some distinguished literary persons were also in the room.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part. XI.

A good number of this very delightful work. *Fast Castle*, by Fielding, is powerful, though the clouds are too heavy and ought to have been more broken;—but *Bothwell Bridge*, by Roberts,

is unusually brilliant; the trees are admirable and, might serve as a study for artists. *York Minister*, by Nash, is also very clever—the fine old Cathedral stands out in bold relief and has a noble appearance; and, *Castle Rushin*, by Gastineau, is interesting, and well engraved.

Of Man—Six Monograms, by David Scott, S.A. Edinburgh, Constable; London, Moon & Co.; Hamburg, Perthes & Besser.

THIS is a very extraordinary work—full of power, but more full of imagination, with a wild and mystical extravagance that surpasses Fuseli and equals poor Blake. One or two of the designs are not inferior to any that the age has produced. KNOWLEDGE is sublime in its simplicity—and DEATH is admirable for the fine grouping of the figures, if we except the mysterious one in the fore-ground, which is out of drawing and out of place.

The Bride's Maid. Leslie, R.A.; Thomson. Moon, Boys & Graves.

IN the number of lovely faces our Newtons, Landseers, Parris, and Howards, have of late given us, none are more delightful than the 'Bride's Maid' of Leslie: it is the personification of all that is fascinating in woman. Our readers have had it, in miniature, some time before them, it being engraved by Mr. Charles Heath, as the frontispiece to his last year's 'Keepsake.' We looked forward to this work with good hopes, and Mr. Thomson has not disappointed us; for in this branch of art, (which is the dotted, or chalk,) we know of no one who could have excelled, if equalled, the present production of his graver.

Miss Macdonald. Sir T. Lawrence; Samuel Cousens. M. Colnaghi.

THE charming 'Bride's Maid,' as we thought, was enough of beauty for one week; but here we have it again, and perfect. Who remembers not the exquisite original of the late President's work? it was in the number of the most splendid of his productions—and Mr. Cousens has done more than could have been anticipated in transferring the beauty of the original to paper. His very able plates of 'Pope Pius VII.' and of 'Master Lambton,' have done much for his fame; but from his present exquisite production he may expect a still larger share of honour. He is, indeed, at the head of his profession. Our only regret now is, that we have no longer a painter like the lamented President to give him models equal to his own extraordinary power and ability.

MUSIC

ITALIAN OPERA.—KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday, 25th ult., Cimarosa's highly dramatic opera 'Il Matrimonio Segreto,' was performed for the first time this season. Of Lablache in *Geronimo*, we can but repeat all former eulogies;—he is a really good actor, natural, intelligent and forcible. He is one of those few who study life and manners, and depict the nicer shades of character. Of the ladies who sustained the parts of *Fidalma*, *Elisetta* and *Carolina*, "nous ne pouvons faire moins de caresses à l'une qu'à l'autre." In the trio in the first act, we heartily accorded with the sentiment of "Vergogna, vergogna!" *finiela già*, as sung by the self-condemning performers. We regret to say, that Signor David is not to our taste. His plain singing has no tone to support it, and when he sings floridly he uses only ONE "stale flat and unprofitable" roulade, which, if heard but for once would, at least, receive applause for its execution (certainly never for its application); but to be eternally scannelled through passages

"that lead to nothing"—to have our ears bored that our hearts may be touched, is not to our taste. Intense passion or feeling deprive us of our powers in a great degree, and it is only by a subdued exercise of them in scenes of tenderness, and an assumed exertion of them in situations of violence, that can produce the illusion or verisimilitude intended by an author. Signor David has a high reputation on the continent—but he will not suit us. He gives no true expression to his words, which he pronounces badly, particularly those in which the second vowel (e) occurs.

Mr. E. Seguin, at a very short notice indeed, appeared as *Count Robinson*, and, when we consider his youth, the circumstances under which he came forward, and the mighty disadvantage of singing with such an absorbent sponge of a voice as Lablache's, that swallows up almost orchestra and all—we must say, and are happy to say, acquitted himself most admirably. He has not yet learned all the *trick* of effect, and as long as he continues in that ignorance his "state will be the more gracious." He is a practical example of the theory we wish to support: that Englishmen can be musicians as well as poets. Mr. Seguin, with life, health, and study, must become a first-rate artist, and we cordially wish him an increase of popularity. Lablache behaved like a man to him, when he led him out in hand;—but what had Signor David to do with it?—why did he come forth also? The cry of the house was for the *débütant*, and not for him;—he should have gallantly stayed behind the curtain and consoled with the ladies.

Of the dancing we cannot speak highly. Montessu, as Lord C— sportively said, is a good thorough-paced *cob*, and we agree with his Lordship—she is active, and without being able to exhibit them, knows what grace and elegance are. But she is dumpy, and to quote another Lord—"I hate your dumpy woman." The house was well and fashionably attended.

The New Ballet of 'Kenilworth.'

This long promised ballet not being ready on Tuesday, the house did not open on that night, but postponed the opera to Thursday. 'Il Matrimonio' was accordingly repeated with the same cast as before, and we were pleased to find Mr. E. Seguin improved in self-possession and strength. He will, we prophecy, be a first-rate at no very distant period.

After the opera, M. Deshayes' new ballet was produced, and we must say, as a whole, it is magnificent beyond description. Sir Walter Scott's beautiful novel has been closely studied and well understood in this adaptation of it to the stage. We confess we had some fears for the undertaking, considering the subject as too familiar with the generality of the audience, but the admirable tact of M. Deshayes has thrown even an additional magic over the story, and enchanted us by his realization of the pageantry, romantic situations, and beautifully-contrasted characters of the original. *A pas de deux* by Brocard and Lefebvre, (as *Amy Robsart and Leicester*) was a living picture, full of tenderness and beauty—her kneeling to him when he is seated beneath the canopy, was exquisite. We object to Brocard's dress; she appeared more like a Georgian or Persian harem girl than the simple, retired *Amy*; but her dancing was beautiful. Montessu is winning upon us insensibly, and we freely admit, that our neighbours, the Parisians, were right when they called her "Papillon," and her brother Paul "Mercure Volant." They were tremendously applauded, and most deservedly. A Madlle. Zoe Beaupré, made her *début* in the *Virgin Queen*, and looked and acted with dignity and expression. We regret our comical little urchin *Fibberty* was not made more of; but, perhaps, that could not be very easily done. The scenery is gorgeous in

the extreme, particularly Kenilworth Castle by moonlight, which does infinite credit to Messrs. Grieve. The music, by Signor Costa, possesses many pleasing passages, but is not strictly speaking *ballet-music*. It is ridiculous to repeat the same motive or strain to pantomime of different character; but the very short time in which it has been composed is a sufficient excuse for this fault. At the conclusion, M. Deshayes was thunderingly called for by the audience to receive in person the applauses of his decidedly splendid production. The house was well attended.

Yesterday, Mrs. Wood (late Miss Paton) rehearsed for the first time the part of *Cenerentola*; from the promise held out to us by the lady at rehearsal, we have every reason to hope she will be the means of conquering that vile prejudice amongst us, that none but foreigners can sing. We do not hesitate to say, that her performance of *Cenerentola* on the Italian boards will leave us no room to regret any of the former representatives of the character. Her pure voice is already "familiar with the echoes" of the King's Theatre, where to-night we wish her every success her splendid and native talent deserves.

CITY OF LONDON AMATEUR CONCERT.

THE Second Concert of this Institution took place on the 28th ult., and was numerously attended. The principal singers from the Opera were expected, but the directors were not able to comply with the conditions proposed by Mr. Laporte.

Mr. E. Seguin gave the air 'Va sbramando,' from Spohr's 'Faust,' with very good effect. The more we hear of this singular opera the more we wish it were brought before the public in an entire shape, trusting by that means it would unfold itself to our comprehension. The charge against it and the 'Berggeist,' that they smell too much of the midnight lamp, being one which we should rejoice to find dispelled, containing as they do so much to be admired. Onslow's overture to 'Le Colporteur,' and A. Romberg's Overture in D (Op. 60), were played as these admirable productions deserved; we wish we could say as much for Beethoven's 'Sinfonia Eroica,' the execution of which towards its termination was of such a description that we should not have been surprised to have seen its composer's spirit rise in the orchestra. Mr. Nelson Weippert, the Conductor, displayed great talent in a Concerto for the Pianoforte, by Weber, in E flat, which was performed for the first time in this country. Mr. Horn greatly contributed to the pleasure of the evening by the performance of his cavatina, 'The deep, deep Sea,' which he sung with so much sweetness that an immediate encore was the consequence. Miss Childe and Mr. Pension sung the duet, 'Nella Casa,' from Generali's opera of 'La Contessa di Colleruboso,' and the latter air from the 'Cenerentola,' "Miei rampolli femminini," extremely well. Winter's 'Zaira,' is a magnificent overture; it was selected for the conclusion, but is too good to be lost amidst the noise attendant on the breaking up of the audience.

THEATRICALS

THE crowd of new books and other important matters is so great that it presses our theatricals into a corner. There has, however, been a corresponding dearth of novelty at the theatres, so that that corner will easily contain all we have to say.—We believe that we are one, if not two pieces behindhand at the Queen's Theatre. We hope to set this right next week; and, in the meantime, are happy to hear that the house has been much better attended lately.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Two new pieces have been produced here with different success, or rather, one with indifferent and one with different. 'Kind Intentions' is a smart, lively, one-act farce, in which Mr. Meanwell, a good-humoured fat old gentleman, distresses all his friends by his constant endeavours to serve them. All his attempts fail, and each failure is aggravated by some additional bungle of *Meanwell's*, who is always "extremely sorry, but he meant all for the best." Mr. Mathews plays this character most admirably. By those who wish to laugh, a little time and a little money cannot be better spent than in seeing him. The other novelty, called 'Bringing Home the Bride,' is a very different business. It was quite a failure to the house, and therefore needs but little notice from us. It will, doubtless, soon be laid aside, for it can never draw, notwithstanding the real horse in it. We hold it to be a needless piece of ill-nature to give an author's name when he is unsuccessful, and shall therefore not print that of the gentleman who wrote 'Bringing Home the Bride,' until he produces something which we can conscientiously praise. He has often done so before, and no doubt he will again. We hold the Adelphi audiences, generally, to be the least fastidious and most good-natured that we know of, but the management should not ride a willing horse to death.

MISCELLANEA

Orthodromic Navigation.—What is this? our readers may ask; and we refer them to a Mr. Mackenroot, who will unravel the mystery when a sufficient number of subscribers shall have enabled him to take out a patent. If this gentleman performs only one-half of what he promises, he will do more than steam and gas together have done yet. Sailing to windward is allowed to be the most important property of a vessel—the great advantage of steam is, that it enables you to make way against a good stiff breeze; but, with the orthodromic apparatus, a ship can get off a lee-shore against a hurricane—steer a direct course whatever may be the direction of the wind, and the ocean itself will become as safe as a turnpike-road. So says Mr. Mackenroot!

Sancho and the Duchess—by Leslie.—We have just seen an etching of this picture by Mr. Humphreys. This artist received our warmest commendation for the 'Head of our Saviour,' after Lawrence, that formed the beautiful vignette to the 'Iris'; he will be raised still higher in public opinion, if this plate be finished equal to the promise of the etching.

The Winged Lion of Venice.—An Imperial Ambassador once asked tauntingly of the Doge, in what country such lions were to be found? "In the same country which produces Spread Eagles" was the happy reply.

Association for the Encouragement of Literature.—We are happy to hear that his H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Somerset, Earl Dudley, and other distinguished noblemen, have already enrolled their names among the patrons and subscribers to this association.

We are informed that the new engravings announced last week as by Mr. Martin, are simply enlarged plates of the original designs engraved for the Illustrations of Milton. They have been re-engraved for the proprietors of the copyright of those plates by Mr. Quilley, and only finished by Mr. Martin.

The late Duchess of Lucca was universally hated for avarice, insolence, and duplicity. To give an instance of the manner in which these people make use of religion and authority as a screen for the most monstrous or the most

petty vices, she had ordered a costly chandelier to ornament her private chapel; but the tradesman who had made it, knowing her utter disregard of pecuniary obligations, was unwilling to part with it till he had been paid the money. On this, she prevailed on him to hang it up, under pretence of seeing the effect. "There," says she, "now it is consigned property; take it down at your peril."—*Hazlitt's Napoleon.*

The River Tees.—The great interest attending the late opening of the new cut, in the navigation of the river Tees, induces us to present our readers with a few more facts relating to it.

For some years previous to 1802, the trade of the port of Stockton had gradually declined; and at that period, not more than one vessel sailed for London in a fortnight; and the custom duties did not amount to more than 7000*l.* a year.

This miserable trade was daily diminishing, when the Navigation Company was formed, and the new cut opened in 1810. From this period trade revived; and the completion of the Darlington railway accelerated the growing importance of the place.

The trade of Stockton having increased to a considerable extent, the Company determined, in the year 1828, on making a new channel; the opening of which was reported in the *Athenæum* the week before last. It is not easy to calculate the advantages which will ensue from these improvements; and the Clarence railway, when completed, will give a fresh stimulus to trade by bringing down the produce of another coal-field to the northward of Stockton, of equal value to that of Darlington. In the year 1829, 30,000 chaldrons of coals were exported, and in the year following 100,000. Previous to the year 1810, at which period the first cut was opened, the receipts of the custom-house averaged about 4,500*l.* annually. From 1810 to 1820, they increased to nearly 20,000*l.*; and from 1820 to 1830, still further, to 45,700*l.* It is to be hoped that the effect of this will be felt in the London market.

In addition to the advantages which must be the effect of an increased trade, the formation of a secure harbour at the mouth of the Tees is most desirable. From Newcastle down to the Humber, there is a deficiency of places of safety where our shipping can seek refuge from stormy weather; and the sands in the great estuary at the mouth of this river bear ample testimony, by the wrecks with which they are annually strewn, to the number of vessels and lives that might have been saved.

National Tastes respecting Animal Food.—Everything that moves in earth, air, or sea, is devoured by man. In some valleys of the Alps, the rearing of snails is carried on as a trade, and in the month of September, they are sent down the Danube to Vienna and Hungary, where they are sold as an article of luxurious food. In South America nothing in the shape of life comes wrong to them—they eat serpents, lizards, and ounces; and Humboldt has seen children drag enormous centipedes out of their holes, and crunch them up. At Emeraldi their delicate morceau is a roasted monkey. Puppies, on the Missouri and Mississippi, are choice food. Horse-flesh in Arabia; elephants' flesh in India; camels' flesh in Egypt. The Pariahs of Hindostan contend for putrid carrion with dogs, vultures, and kites. The Chinese devour cats, dogs, rats, and serpents; bears' paws, birds' nests, and sea-shy, are dainty bits. The inhabitants of Cochín China prefer rotten eggs to fresh. The Tongquinese and inhabitants of Madagascar prefer locusts to the finest fish. In Australia a good fat gull would be preferred to everything else; and in the West Indies a large caterpillar found on the palm is esteemed a luxury; while the edible nests of the Java swallow

are so rich a dainty that the ingredients of the dish will cost 15*l.* The quantity of frogs seen in the markets of the Continent is immense. At Terracina the host asks his guest whether he prefers the eel of the hedge or that of the river. The astronomer De la Lande was remarkably fond of spiders. Great Britain even transcends her continental neighbours. The "braxy" of Scotland is putrid mutton, the sheep having died of the rot; game and venison is seldom relished till it is "high," or, in honest language, till it is a mass of putrefaction, disengaging in abundance one of the most septic poisons the chemist knows of; in numerous cases it is a mass of life and motion, the offspring of putridity. Pigs are still whipped to death; lobsters are boiled alive; cod are crimped; eels are skinned, writhing in agony; hares are hunted to death, and white veal is the greatest luxury.—*Voices of Humanity.*

Athenæum Advertisement.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Baromet. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 24	49 39	30.10	N.W.	Cloudy.
Fr. 25	49 39	29.75	N.W.	Ditto.
Sat. 26	53 33	28.75	N.W.	Rain A.M.
Sun. 27	52 33	28.74	N.W.	Rain.
Mon. 28	52 33	29.25	N.W.	Clear.
Tues. 1	52 36	29.58	N.W.	Ditto.
Wed. 2	56 36	29.58	S. to S.W.	Rain P.M.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulostratus, Cumulus, Cirrostratus.

Mean temperature of the week, 44°.

Astronomical Observations.

Moon eclipsed, partly visible, on Saturday. Mercury and Herschel in conjunction on Saturday, at 11*h.* A.M.

Venus's geocentric long. on Wed. 25° 15' in Pisces.

Saturn's — — 27° 19' in Leo.

Sun's — — 19° 12' in Pisces.

Length of day on Wed. 10*h.* 51*m.*; increased, 3*h.* 10*m.*

Sun's hourly motion 2° 30'. Logarithmic number of distance 9.99635.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

There is a curious arithmetical question in the Ladies' Museum of this month which we think worth notice—"Our readers are reminded that one recommendation from each would double our circulation." We are not ourselves "great arithmeticians," but we should like to have the accuracy of this proved.

Thanks to E.D., J.W.G., and A.L.

C.B. jun. puzzles us. We are not decided.

G.L.F. is wholly misinformed. The party mentioned never was editor, and the editor never was connected in any way with the C.P. He blunders from first to last.

J.T. is in error.

All correspondents must positively pay their letters, or they will not be received. We trust a volunteer contributor at Bermuda will notice this—and that the hint will be taken by another at Paris, whose verses cost us four shillings and sixpence.

We thank G.A. for the information, but the party is not, and never was connected with this paper.

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